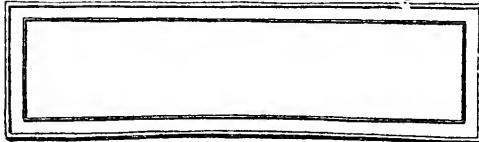
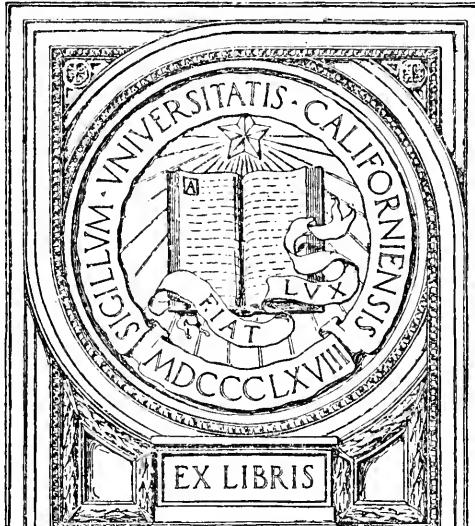


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THE TRAGEDY OF CAESAR'S REVENGE

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1911

This reprint of *Caesar's Revenge* has been prepared
by F. S. Boas with the assistance of the General
Editor.

Oct. 1911.

W. W. Greg.

Plays on the subject of Caius Julius are so numerous that some difficulty arises in properly distinguishing the titles. In the case of the piece here reprinted the first title, which is also the head title, suggests a play of Chapman's, while the running title is the traditional property of William Shakespeare. It seems, therefore, best that it should become known by the name which appears second on the title-page. And, indeed, there is reason to suppose that it was this title that the piece originally bore, for the entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company runs as follows:

v° Iunij [1606]

Entred for their Copies vnder the handes of Master Doctor Couell Iohn Wright
and the wardens A booke called Julius Caesars reuenge . . . vjd and Nathanael
Fosbrook
[Arber's Transcript, III. 323.]

The edition that followed upon this entry was undated, but probably appeared before the end of the year. It bore Wright's name and address as stationer, and the initials and device of George Eld as printer. It was a quarto printed in roman type of a body similar to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). Of this original issue copies survive in the Dyce Library at South Kensington and in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. In other copies the original title-leaf has been cancelled and replaced by a reprint. This, which is dated 1607, bears the names of both stationers, and a different address, which is presumably Fosbrook's. The printer's initials have been omitted, and, more important, his device has made way for the note 'Priuately acted by the Studentes of Trinity Colledge in Oxford'. The original type had already been distributed, and not only the title, but also the list of personae on the verso of the leaf, was reset.

Why Fosbrook should have been originally forgotten, as it would seem he was, and his portion of the stock provided with a title-page which is evidently of the nature of an afterthought, there is nothing to show. Copies of this second issue are in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and the British Museum. All the copies mentioned are perfect, and for the purpose of the present reprint those in the British Museum, Bodleian and Dyce libraries have been collated throughout. The two former are in substantial agreement: the Dyce copy has both formes of sheet A in an uncorrected state: there is a curious progressive error at l. 2481.

No record of performance survives to corroborate the information supplied by the second title-page, but from internal evidence it may be supposed to have taken place some years before publication, the style of the play being modelled on those popular in the last decade of the sixteenth century, especially *Tamburlaine* and the *Spanish Tragedie*. The complete absence of comic relief, and the exceptional number of recondite classical allusions, are in favour of the academic origin of the play, and this is perhaps further evidenced by the fact that the source, upon which the anonymous author drew, appears to have been, not Plutarch, but Appian's *Bellum Civile*. Appian alone (book II, chapters 113 and 117) names Bucolianus among Caesar's murderers, though Cicero mentions him twice in his letters to Atticus as Bucilianus. There is also one local reference to connect the play with Oxford, in the lines put into Caesar's mouth:

And *Isis* wept to see her daughter *Thames*,
Chainge her cleere cristall, to vermilian sad.

(ll. 1278-9.)

The text of the play presents a good many difficulties, and in some places there is reason to suspect more or less serious lacunae. The classical names too are often badly corrupted, and the punctuation is the worst conceivable. There is a division into acts and scenes, but it neither follows a consistent principle, nor exhibits a correct numbering. A new division on the ordinarily accepted principles of the English stage has therefore been introduced in the margin. This has necessitated a somewhat minute consideration of exits and entrances, and a special list of necessary stage directions has been added below after the usual list of irregular readings.

A list of personae is given in the original on the verso of the title-leaf. The only omission is that of a Lord who has a part in several scenes.

The thanks of the editor are due to the Rev. H. E. D. Blakiston, President of Trinity College, Oxford, for information to the effect that no references to plays are traceable in the account books of the College, unless a payment of 6s. 6d. for a 'spectaculum in festo Trinitatis' in 1565 can be so interpreted. A similar debt is owing to Mr. J. P. Maine, librarian to the Duke of Devonshire, for information as to the readings of the copy of the original issue of the play preserved at Chatsworth.

LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

The punctuation of the original is so erratic as to make it impossible to record all irregularities. The following are particularly frequent: comma or semi-colon for period, especially at the end of a speech; period or other stop for query-mark; colon or, less frequently, semi-colon where at most a comma is needed. As a rule only those cases have been noticed which would be likely to cause difficulty to a reader who had the above points in mind.

A 1 ^v	<i>Casca.</i> (<i>Casea.</i> 1607)	182 c.w. <i>Here</i> (183 <i>Heere</i>)
	<i>Augur.</i> (<i>Augur:</i> 1607)	192 woundring
	<i>Senators.</i> (<i>Seuatoris.</i> 1607)	203 T'was
	<i>Octauian.</i> (<i>Actauian.</i> 1607)	215 babish
	<i>Camber.</i> (both)	216 sound (sound.)
11	which (what)	219 Io ioyfull, Io
14	her (? his)	227 boucher'd
20	field	237 stange
25	<i>Heauens.</i> O (<i>Heauens.</i> O)	247 enternally
31	sig. A 2 (B 2 <i>Dyce only</i>)	252 c.w. <i>Whilst</i> (253 <i>Whil'ft</i>)
32	<i>Vomit</i> (vomit)	261 Thee (? <i>Flee</i>)
	ills (? ills :)	blood (blood.)
34	BE	262 thirst. (thirst.)
44	shild	263 goaring
46	greatnesse. (? greatnesse ;)	277 <i>Romaine,</i> (<i>Romaine</i>)
55	praizd (i. e. valued)	288 when as
59	fwaye. (fwaye,)	308 When as
87	When as	324 <i>Temple</i> (<i>Tempe</i>)
98	iiuing (liung <i>Dyce only</i>)	325 waues, (waues.)
108	ouerthrowne,	335 <i>Seythia</i>
	(ou erthrowne, <i>B.M.</i> , <i>Devon.</i>)	344 freedon,
132	a sleepe	349 vnderringing
136	a waite	354 fall :
143	biffe. (bliffe.)	357 blast,
148	beare. (beare,)	363 dol-full
149	Wihch (Which)	410 they (thy)
163	starrs. (starrs,)	411 Soule. (<i>point doubtful, read</i> <i>Soule,</i>)
167	remououe	412 What (? That)
169	haue. (haue—)	413 <i>Libians</i>
171	this, (i. e. thus,)	430 petition. (petition,)
175	a misse,	432 permit,
182	farwell, then (farewell then,)	434 Some what
		450 turnde, (turnde)

460 with out
 468 flue (sue)
 474 griefe. (griefe,)
 c.w. VVwhich (475 Which)
 494 handmayde, forth
 (handmayde forth,)
 498 hath
 508 woundring
 513 poastes. (poastes)
 514 name, (name.)
 515 bring : (bring)
 519 pearles. (pearles)
 527 beheld (behold)
 535 althlings
 fees. (fees)
 542 *But.* (? *Ant.*)
 544 *Cæ/a,*
 549 thee (the)
 cut, (cut)
 561 weaud (? weand **B.M.**
 only)
 567 fized (fixed)
 568 ouer (? euer)
 576 *Neptnus*
 598 *Piramids.* (*Piramids,*)
 602 *Gnidas* (*Gnidus*)
 609 *Antko.* (*Dis.*)
 617 Iollity. (Iollity,)
 620 *Setorius* (*Serrorius*)
 621 ouerthrowe. (ouerthrowe,)
 622 *Nepoune*
 627 waight,
 blisse. (blisse,)
 628 haue. (haue,)
 633 night. (night,)
 634 plagues
 642 SCENA 4.
 646 they
 selfe. (selfe)
 652 like wife
Ptolomeis
 gould. (gould,)
 655 made. (made,)
 670 wordly
 699 a vaile

704 soueraignety.
 (soueraignety,)
 708 Men. (Men,)
 709 entertaynd, (entertaynd.)
 713 Earth. (Earth,)
 725 sway (iway.)
 734 a non,
 751-2 (*lacuna ?*)
 763 letter pattens
 784 if, (if)
 786 a like,
 807 ceafe. (ceafe,)
 818 graue. (graua,)
 826 Alacke (Alike)
 828 a like
 829 causer which (? causer,
 mine)
 835 perplexed
 838 be hould
 848 Queene, (Queene.)
 851 framd. (fraimd,)
 864 prefest.
 874 inistrumets.
 (instruments,)
 883 *Nemean*
 885 of (of)
 891 Be fides
 893 *Alcionus:*
 899 rosall
 head, (head.)
 900 *Phæbus*
 902 respondent
 913 *Spicer,* (?)
 914 *Nardus*
 924 Queene, (Queene)
 925 ofhirs:
 936 spech (speech.)
 947 *Camber* (*Cimber*)
 960 *Cæf.* (*Caf.*)
 969 tale. (tale,)
 971 blood, (blood.)
 989 *Cam.* (*Cim.*)
 991 *Cum.* (990 c.w. *Cam.*)
 996 *Cibills*
 verse. (verse)

1003	sepulcher. (sepulcher,)	1260	Ouer- (? Euer-)
1012	praifc	1262	exquies
1014	bespent (? besprent)	1263	<i>Ioue.</i> (<i>Ioue,</i>)
1022	<i>Romaine,</i> (<i>Romaines,</i>)	1264	fame. (fame,)
1025	<i>Gic.</i>	1265	<i>Hydaffpis,</i>
1027	borne	1270	Whereby (Were by) refistles, (refistles) powers (? power)
1050	learne ; (learne,)	1276	<i>Rohdans</i>
1051	althings	1278	<i>Thames.</i> (<i>Thames</i>)
1053	blessiings	1283	greefe (greefe.)
1059	Counrries	1318	Afrigted
1075	nor (not)	1321	winde (? minde)
1082	<i>Hilias</i> (<i>Allias</i>)	1322	on (i.e. one)
	fight : (? fight: <i>B.M. only</i>)	1329	wy
1103	slay (stay)	1335	one (i.e. on)
1108	Countries : (Countries)	1361	the (thee)
1111	<i>Sene.</i>	1364	receiue (? reuiue)
1118	it (it.)	1389	perfumption :
	vſe, (vſe)	1423	by (ly)
1121	vertues (? vertue)	1426	lotheth (? bodesth)
	brunt's,	1429	ACT. 2.
1137	me (me?)	1430	<i>Anthony</i> (<i>Anthony,</i>)
1149	<i>Adastria</i> (<i>Adraſtia</i>)		<i>Lords</i> , (? <i>Lord,</i>)
	Queene. (Queene,)	1431	<i>Pharthia</i>
1159	sleepe. (sleepe,)	1432	<i>Cæſars</i> (? <i>Crassus</i>)
1161	dic, (die.)	1438	<i>Armenians</i>
1162	paintcd		<i>Medians</i>
1182	backes. (backes,)	1448	troopes. (troopes,)
1196	<i>Lords</i> , (? <i>Lord,</i>)	1462	victorye. (victorye,)
1198	a fore,	1467	there by
1201	be-hind	1468	ſpur. (ſpur)
	paſt. (paſt,)	1472	ſelfe (? ſelfe's)
1203	triump (trump)	1474	will (? well)
1205	witner (witnes)	1479	euerdaring
1207	it bound it		(? ouerdaring)
1208	<i>Phægian</i> (<i>Phlegraean</i>)	1481-2	(lacuna ?)
1209	<i>Tropheus</i> (<i>Trophies</i>)	1486	or (are)
1213	Pompeous	1491	fame. (fame)
1218	crowne, (crowne.)	1494	Pincely
1221	onmy	1498	liberty. (liberty,)
1222	beare. (beare)	1522	<i>Cumber</i> (? <i>Cimber,</i>)
1229	<i>Africans</i> ,	1539	mis boding
1234	ſtarre. (ſtarre)	1577	quench-les
1237	Gouernesſe. (Gouernesſe,)	1582	a peerce
1246	Æmelius,		
1258	<i>Romulus.</i> (<i>Romulus,</i>)		

1604	T'was	1855	Commonwealth.
1613	hap (hap.)		(Commonwealth,)
1619	Bec (?)	1857	Vntucht. (Vntucht,)
1623	fore-caſt, (fore-caſt)	1859	e ndles (e nd les <i>B.M.</i> only)
1633-4	(? <i>lacuna</i>)	1864	yeares. (yeares)
1637	ſteeps	1865	vnconquered; (vnconquered,)
1638	threetning	1899	<i>Romains</i> (? <i>Romes</i>)
1643	bale full	1902	ſoundes,
1649	bale-full	1905	haſted
1650	conſort. In (conſort, in)	1906	ſound,
1657	Dre ame which (with)	1909	tombe: (e doubtful)
1662	<i>Pre.</i> (i.e. <i>Præcentor.</i>)	1924	pytiyng
1665	ilde	1925	fore
1666	Thout a non	1929	<i>Syre,</i>
1670	anon, (anon.)	1971	<i>Mirapont.</i>
1673	nigh. (nigh,)	1972	ACT. 3. SCE. 1.
1674	houſe- (?)	1979	life. (life)
1676	ſits, (ſits ?)	1981	heauens: (?)
1677	daunger (daunger,)	1992	<i>A lcides</i>
1693	(? <i>lacuna</i>)	1999	<i>Spayne</i> (<i>Spayne</i> ,)
1700	Aloud	2004	auayleſthiſ
1702	<i>Cum. . . Cumber</i>	2005	hand. (hand)
1704	(not indented)	2008	Creſt. (Creſt,)
1718	yout (your)	2019	on (one)
1719	plauge	2025	<i>Iberian</i>
1730	geeue	2030	war-faire (warfare)
1731	liues. (liues)	2038	warre-faire (warre faire)
1735	ambition, (ambition)	2039	ſtike
1742	ſee (ſee?)	2046	for got
1751	heard	2055	Fathers
1761	a mong ſtarrs. (ſtarrs)	2063	hate. (hate)
1763	<i>Cæſar</i> , (<i>Cæſar</i>)	2067	a rife
1771	<i>Anthony</i> . (<i>Anthony</i>)	2068	vnquenced
1774	a laromes,	2071	comforſt (? conſort)
1793	in great (?) ingrate)	2078	youth full
1804	more (more,) ſongs. (ſongs,)	2090	vowd',
1809	<i>Hearſe Calphurnia</i> (<i>Hearſe</i> , <i>Calphurnia</i> ,)	2093	Dieties
1829	deathes,	2100	<i>Gradinus</i> (<i>Gradius</i>)
1836	(not indented)	2101	ouerburning (euerburning)
1846	they (thy)	2102	<i>Carpeian</i> (<i>Tarpeian</i>)
		2114	<i>Stremonia</i> , (? <i>Strymon</i>)

<p>2122 -men (-man)</p> <p>2136-7 (? <i>lacuna</i>)</p> <p>2155 <i>Lyeas</i> (<i>Lycus</i>)</p> <p>2157 <i>Turfos</i></p> <p>2164 (And <i>Dolabella</i> [And <i>Dolabella</i> (]) spoyles. (spoyles)</p> <p>2192 <i>Numantia</i>. (<i>Numantia</i>)</p> <p>2209 <i>Gradinus</i> (<i>Gradiuus</i>)</p> <p>2213 liues.) [?]</p> <p>2221 Strenghen</p> <p>2232 acts. (acts)</p> <p>2252 eur</p> <p>2272 flaine. (flaine)</p> <p>2274 Behould (Beheld) fiends. (fiends)</p> <p>2276 vpbraues</p> <p>2283 In (in)</p> <p>2291 Comegreeelly</p> <p>2309 earth. (earth, c.w. wish (With)</p> <p>2313 ire. (ire,)</p> <p>2318 <i>Cæsars</i> (<i>Brutus</i>)</p> <p>2324 expiate. <i>Altheas</i> come. (? expiate <i>Altheas</i> crime.)</p> <p>2337 power</p>	<p>2338 extols. (extols,)</p> <p>2346 c.w. Where (<i>Caff.</i> Where)</p> <p>2356-7 (? reversed)</p> <p>2363 <i>Echalarian</i></p> <p>2366 Then yet (? alternatives)</p> <p>2371 cruell (turned n for u)</p> <p>2375 foyld :</p> <p>2411 accurf'd (space before d but apostrophe doubtful)</p> <p>2422 breath? (? breathe,)</p> <p>2470 come (come,) friend (friend ;)</p> <p>2481 comfort rings. <i>B.M.</i> and <i>Bodl.</i> : comfort gs. <i>Devon.</i> : comfort gs. <i>Dyce</i> : read comfort brings.</p> <p>2498 bee. (bee,)</p> <p>2500 life. (life ;)</p> <p>2517 a round</p> <p>2522 cndlesse vpon. (? vpon,)</p> <p>2533 The (the)</p> <p>2552 But (? Nor)</p> <p>2559 <i>Elysium</i></p>
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ADDITIONAL STAGE DIRECTIONS

37	Exit Discord.	2109	? Exit Ghost.
331	Exeunt.	2125	Exeunt.
366	Exeunt.	2149	Exit Discord.
481	Enter Anthony.	2269	Exeunt: manet Brutus.
606	Exeunt.	2315	Exit Ghost.
641	Exit Discord.	2328	Exit Brutus.
765	Exeunt.	2346	Cato dies.
1520	Exeunt.		Enter Cassius.
1684	Exit Caesar.	2382	Exit Cassius.
1692	Exit Cassius. Enter the Senate.	2433	Exit Titinius.
1739	? Exeunt.	2471	Cassius stabs himself.
1788	Exit Discord.	2501	Titinius stabs himself.
1810	Enter Lord.	2525	? Brutus stabs himself.
1971	Exeunt.	2570	Exeunt.

It is possible that Cassius should be marked as entering with the others at I. 947 and that the speeches of II. iv marked *Caſ*. belong to him and not to Casca.

The thanks of the Society are due to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire for kind permission to reproduce the title-page of the undated quarto in his possession.

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
Cæsar and Pompey
OR
CÆSARS
Reuenge.



AT LONDON
Imprinted by G. E. for John Wright, and are to bee
sould at his shop at Christ-church Gate.

THE
T R A G E D I E
OF
Cæsar and Pompey.
OR
CÆSARS
Reuenge.

Priuately acted by the Students of Trinity
Colledge in Oxford.

AT LONDON
Imprinted for Nathaniel Fosbrooke and John Wright, and are
to be sold in Paules Church-yard at the
signe of the Helmet.

1607.
1608.
1609.
1610.
1611.
1612.
1613.
1614.
1615.

The Tragedie of Cæsar and Pompey.

Sound a larkm then flames of fire.

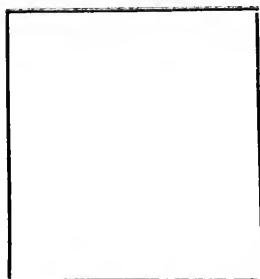
Enter Discord.

Hearke how the Romaine drums sound bloud & death,
And Mars high mounted on his Thracian Steede:
Runs madding through Pharsalias purple fieldes.
The earth that's wont to be a Tombe for Men
It's now entomb'd with Carkases of Men.
The Heauen appal'd to see such hideous sights,
For feare puts out her euer burning lights.
The Gods amaz'd (as once in *Titans war,*)
Do doubt and feare, which boades this deadly iar.
The starrs do tremble, and forsake their course,
The Beare doth hide her in forbidden Sea,
Feare makes *Bootes* swiften her slowe pace,
Pale is *Orion*, *Atlas* gins to quake,
And his vniwldy burthen to forsake.
Cæsars keene Falchion, through the Aduersc raukes,
For his sterne Master hewes a passage out,
Through troupes & troonkes, & Steele, & standing blood:
He whose proud Trophies whileom *Asia* field,
And conquered *Pontus*, singe his lasting praise.
Great *Pompey*, Great, while Fortune did him raise,
Nowe vailes the glory of his vanting plumes
And to the ground casts of his high hang'd lookes.
You gentle Heauens, O execute your wrath
On vile mortality, that hath scornd your powers.
You night borne Sisters to whose haires are ty'd
In Adamantine Chaines both Gods and Men
Winde on your webbe of mischiefe and of plagues,
And if, O starres you haue an influence:
That may confounde this high erected heape

A 3

Downe

THE
T R A G E D I E
OF
Cæsar and Pompey
OR
C A E S A R S
Reuenge.



A T L O N D O N
Imprinted by *G. E.* for *John Wright*, and are to bee
sould at his shop at Christ-church Gate.

The names of the Actors.

Discora.

<i>Titinius.</i>	<i>Roman 1.</i>
<i>Brutus.</i>	<i>Roman 2.</i>
<i>Pompey.</i>	<i>Bonus Genius.</i>
<i>Cæsar.</i>	<i>Calphurnia.</i>
<i>Anthony.</i>	<i>Augur.</i>
<i>Dolobella.</i>	<i>Præcentor.</i>
<i>Cornelia.</i>	<i>Senators.</i>
<i>Cleopatra.</i>	<i>Bucolian.</i>
<i>Achillas.</i>	<i>Octavian.</i>
<i>Sempronius.</i>	<i>Cæsars Ghost.</i>
<i>Cassius.</i>	<i>Cicero.</i>
<i>Cato Sen.</i>	<i>Cato Iun.</i>
<i>Cæsca.</i>	<i>Camber.</i>

The Tragedie of Cæsar and Pompey.

Sound alarum then flames of fire.

Chor. I

Enter Discord.

HEarke how the *Romaine* drums sound bloud & death,
And *Mars* high mounted on his Thracian Steede :
Runs madding through *Pharsalias* purple fieldes.
The earth that's wont to be a Tombe for Men
It's now entomb'd with Carkases of Men.
The Heauen appal'd to see such hideous sights,
For feare puts out her euer burning lights.
The Gods amaz'd (as once in *Titans* war,) 10
Do doubt and feare, which boades this deadly iar.
The starrs do tremble, and forsake their course,
The *Beare* doth hide her in forbidden Sea,
Feare makes *Bootes* swiften her slowe pace,
Pale is *Orion*, *Atlas* gins to quake,
And his vnwldy burthen to forsake.
Cæsars keene *Falchion*, through the Aduerse rankes,
For his sterne Master hewes a passage out,
Through troupes & troonkes, & steele, & standing blood :
He whose proud Trophies whileom *Asia* field, 20
And conquered *Pontus*, finge his lasting praise.
Great *Pompey*; Great, while Fortune did him raise,
Nowe vailes the glory of his vanting plumes
And to the ground castes of his high hang'd lookes.
You gentle Heauens. O execute your wrath
On vile mortality, that hath scornd your powers.
You night borne Sisters to whose haires are ty'd
In Adamantine Chaines both Gods and Men
Winde on your webbe of mischiefe and of plagues,
And if, O starres you haue an influence : 30
That may confounde this high erected heape

10

20

30

The Tragedy

Downe powre it ; Vomit out your worst of ills
Let *Rome*, growne proud, with her vnconquered strength,
Perish and conquered Be with her owne strength :
And win all powers to disioyne and breake,
Consume, confound, dissolue, and discipate
What Lawes, Armes and Pride hath raised vp.

Act 1

sc. i

Enter Titinius

40 *Tit.* The day is lost our hope and honours lost,
The glory of the *Romaine* name is lost,
The liberty and commonweale is lost,
The Gods that whileom heard the *Romaine* state,
And *Quirinus*, whose strong puissant arme,
Did shild the tops and turrets of proud *Rome*,
Do now conspire to wracke the gallant Ship,
Euen in the harbor of her wished greatnesse.
And her gay streamers, and faire wauering sayles,
With which the wanton wind was wont to play,
To drowne with Billows of orewhelming woes.

50

Enter Brutus.

Bru. The Foe preuayles, *Brutus*, thou striuest in vaine.
Many a soule to day is sent to Hell,
And many a galant haue I don to death,
In *Pharsalias* bleeding Earth : the world can tell,
How litle *Brutus* praizd this piffe of breath,
If losse of that my countries weale might gaine,
But Heauens and the immortall Gods decreed :
That *Rome* in highest of her fortunes pich,
In top of souerainty and imperiall swaye.
60 By her owne height should worke her owne decay.

Enter Pompey

Pom. Where may I fly into some desert place,
Some vncouth, vnfrequented craggy rocke,
Where as my name and state was neuer heard.
I flie the Batle because here I see,
My friends lye bleeding in *Pharsalias* earth.
Which do remember me what earst I was,
Who brought such troopes of soldiars to the fielde,
And of so many thousand had command :

My

My flight a heauy memory doth renew,
Which tels me I was wont to stlay and winne.
But now a souldier of my scatred traine:
Offered me seruice and did call me Lord,
O then I thought whome rising Sunne saw high,
Descending he beheld my misery:
Flie to the holow roote of some steepe rocke,
And in that flinty habitation hide,
Thy wofull face: from face and view of men.
Yet that will tell me this, if naught beside:
Pompey was neuer wont his head to hide.
Flie where thou wilt, thou bearst about thee smart,
Shame at thy heeles and greefe lies at thy heart.

70

Tit. But see *Titinius* where two warriers stand,
Casting their eyes downe to the cheareles earthe:
Alasse to soone I know them for to bee
Pompey and *Brutus*, who like *Ajax* stand,
When as forsooke of Fortune mong' st his foes,
Greife stopt his breath nor could he speake his woes,

80

Pom. Accursed *Pompey*, loe thou art descried.
But stay; they are thy friends that thou behouldest,
O rather had I now haue met my foes: (woes
Whose daggers poynts might straight haue piercd my
Then thus to haue my friends behold my shame.
Reproch is death to him that liu'd in Fame,

Bru. *Brutus* Cast vp thy discontented looke:
And see two Princes thy two noble friends,
Who though it greeues me that I thus them see,
Yet ioy I to bee seene they liuing be. *He speakes unto them.*

Let not the change of this succesles fight,
(O noble Lords,) dismay these daunteles mindes,
Which the faire vertue not blind chance doth rule,
Cæsar not vs subdued hath, but *Rome*,
And in that fight twas best be ouerthrowne.
Thinke that the Conqueror hath won but smale,
Whose victory is but his Countries fal,

90

Pom. O Noble *Brutus*, can I liue and see,
My Souldiars dead, my friends lie flaine in field,

100

The Tragedy

My hopes cast downe, mine Honors ouerthowne,
My Country subiect to a Tirants rule,
110 My foe triumphing and my selfe forlorne.
 Oh had I perished in that prosperous warre
 Euen in mine Honors height, that happy day,
 When *Mithridates* fall did rayse my fame :
 Then had I gonue with Honor to my graue.
 But *Pompey* was by envious heauens referu'd,
 Captiue to followe *Cæsars* Chariot wheeles
 Riding in triumph to the Capitol :
 And *Rome* oft grac'd with Trophies of my fame,
 Shall now resound the blemish of my name.

120 *Bru.* Oh what disgrace can taunt this worthinesse,
 Of which remaine such liuing monuments
 Ingrauen in the eyes and hearts of men.
 Although the oppresion of distressed *Rome*
 And our owne ouerthrow, might well drawe forth,
 Distilling teares from faynting cowards eyes,
 Yet should no weake effeminate passion sease
 Vpon that man, the greatnessse of whose minde
 And not his Fortune made him term'd the Great.

Pom. Oh I did neuer taft mine Honours sweete
130 Nor now can iudge of this my sharpest sowre.
 Fifty eight yeares in Fortunes sweete soft lap
 Haue I beene huld a sleepe with pleasant ioyes,
 Me hath she dandled in her foulding Armes,
 And fed my hopes with prosperous euentes :
 Shee Crowdnd my Cradle with successse and Honour,
 And shall disgrace a waite my haples Hearse ?
 Was I a youth with Palme and Lawrell girt,
 And now an ould man shall I waite my fall ?
 Oh when I thinke but on my triumphs past,

140 The Consul-ships and Honours I haue borne ;
 The fame and feare where in great *Pompey* liu'd,
 Then doth my grieued Soule informe me this,
 My fall augmented by my former biffe.

Bru. Why do we vse of vertues strength to vant,

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

If euery croffe a Noble mind can daunt,
Wee talke of courage, then, is courage knowne,
When with mishap our state is ouerthrowne:

Neuer let him a Souldiers Title beare.

Wihch in the cheefest brunt doth shrinke and feare,
Thy former haps did Men thy vertue shew,

150

But now that fayles them which thy vertue knew,
Nor thinke this conquest shalbe *Pompeys* fall:

Or that *Pharsalia* shall thine honour bury,

Egypt shalbe vnpeopled for thine ayde.

And Cole-black *Libians*, shall manure the grounde
In thy defence with bleeding hearts of men.

Pom. O second hope of fad oppressed *Rome*,

In whome the ancient *Brutus* vertue shines,

That purchast first the *Romaine* liberty,

Let me imbrace thee: liue victorious youth,

160

When death and angry fates shall call me hence,

To free thy country from a Tyrants yoke.

My harder fortune, and more cruell starrs.

Enuied to me so great a happines.

Do not prolong my life with vaine false hopes,

To deepe dispaire and sorrow I am vow'd:

Do not remououe me from that seeld thought,

With hope of friends or ayde of *Ptolomey*,

Egypt and *Libia* at choyse I haue.

But onely which of them Ile make my graue.

170

Tit. Tis but discomfort which misgreeues thee this,

Greefe by dispaire seemes greater then it is,

Biu. Tis womannish to wayle and mone our greefe,

By Industrie do wise men seeke releefe,

If that our casting do fall out a misse,

Our cunning play must then correct the dice.

Pom. Well if it needs must bee then let me goe,

Flying for ayde vnto my forrayne friends,

And sue and bow, where earfst I did command.

He that goeth seeking of a Tirant aide,

180

Though free he went, a seruant then is made.

Take we our last farewell, then though with paine,

Here

The Tragedy

Heere three do part that ne're shall meet againe.

Exit Pompey at on dore, Titinius at another. Brutus alone.

A C T V S 1. S C E N A 2.

Enter Cæsar

Cæs. Follow your chasse, and let your light-foote steedes
Flying as swift as did that winged horse
190 That with strong fethered *Pinions* cloue the Ayre,
Or'take the coward flight of your base foe.

Bru. Do not with-drawe thy mortall wounding blade,
But sheath it *Cæsar* in my wounded heart:
Let not that heart that did thy Country wound
Feare to lay *Brutus* bleeding on the ground.
Thy fatall stroke of death shall more mee glad,
Then all thy proud and Pompous victories;
My funerall Cypresse, then thy Lawrell Crowne,
My mournefull Beere shall winne more Praise and Fame
200 Then thy triumphing Sun-bright Chariot.
Heere in these fatall fieldes let *Brutus* die,
And beare so many Romaines company.

Cæsa. T'was not 'gainst thee this fatall blade was drawne
Which can no more pierce *Brutus* tender fides
Then mine owne heart, or ought then heart more deere,
For all the wronges thou didst, or strokes thou gau'lt
Cæsar on thee will take no worse reuenge,
Then bid thee stll commande him and his state:
True setled loue can neere bee turn'd to hate.

210 *Brut.* To what a pitch would this mans vertues sore,
Did not ambition clog his mounting fame,
Cæsar thy sword hath all blisse from me taine
And giuest me life where best were to be flaine.
O thou hast robd me of my chiefest ioy,
And seek'ft to please me with a babish toye. *Exit Brutus.*

Cæs. *Cæsar Pharsalia* doth thy conquest found
Ioues welcom messenger faire Victory,

Hath

Hath Crown'd thy temples with victorious bay,
And Io ioyfull, Io doth she sing
And through the world thy lasting prayses ring.

220

But yet amidst thy gratefull melody
I heare a hoarfe, and heauy dolfull voyce,
Of my deare Country crying, that to day
My Glorious triumphs worke her owne decay.
In which how many fatall strokes I gaue,
So many woundes her tender brest receiu'd.
Heere lyeth one that's boucher'd by his Sire
And heere the Sonne was his old Fathers death,
Both flew vnkowning, both vnkowne are flaine,
O that ambition should such mischife worke
Or meane Men die for great mens proud desire.

230

A C T V S I. S C E N A 3.

Enter Anthony, Dolobella, Lord and others.

An. From sad *Pharsalia* blushing al with bloud,
From deaths pale triumphes, *Pompey* ouerthowne,
Romains in forraine soyles, brething their last,
Reuenge, stange wars and dreadfull stratagems,
Wee come to set the Lawrell on thy head
And fill thy eares with triumphs and with ioyes.

Dolo. As when that *Hector* from the *Grecian* campe
With spoiles of slaughtered *Argians* return'd,
The *Troyan* youths with crownes of conquering palme:
The *Phrigian* Virgins with faire flowry wrethes
Welcom'd the hope, and pride of *Ilium*,
So for thy victory and conquering actes
Wee bring faire wreths of Honor & renowne,
Which shall eternally thy head adore.

240

Lord. Now hath thy sword made paſſage for thy ſelfe,
To wade in bloud of them that fought thy death,
The ambitious riuall of thine Honors high,
Whose mightineſſe earſt made him to be feard
Now flies and is enforc'd to giue thee place.

250

B

Whilſt

The Tragedy

Whil'st thou remainst the conquering *Hercules*
Triumphing in thy spoyles and victories.

Cæs. When *Phæbus* left faire *Thetis* watery couch,
And peeping forth from out the goulden gate
Of his bright pallace, saw our battle rank'd:
Oft did hee feeke to turne his fiery steedes,
Oft hid his face, and shund such tragick sights.

260 What stranger passest euer by this cost
Thee this accursed soyle distainde with blood
Not Christall riuers, are to quench thy thirst.
For goaring stremes, their riuers cleerenesse staines:
Heere are no hils wherewith to feede thine eyes,
But heaped hils of mangled Carkases,
Heere are no birdes to please thee with their notes:
But rauenous Vultures, and night Rauens horse.

Anto. What meanes great *Cæsar*, droopes our generall,
Or melts in womanish compassion:

270 To see *Pharsalias* fieldes to change their hewe
And siluer stremes be turn'd to lakes of blood?
Why *Cæsar* oft hath sacrific'd in *France*,
Millions of Soules, to *Plutoes* grifly dames:
And made the changed coloured *Rhene* to blush,
To beare his bloody burthen to the sea. *¶*
And when as thou in mayden *Albion* shore
The *Romaine*, *Agle* brauely didst aduance,
No hand payd greater tribute vnto death,
No heart with more couragious Noble fire

280 And hope, did burne with glorious great intent.
And now shall passion base that Noble minde,
And weake euents that courage ouercome?
Let *Pompey* proud, and *Pompeys* Complices
Die on our swords, that did enuie our liues,
Let pale *Tyssiphone* be cloyd with bloud:
And snaky furies quench their longing thirst,
And *Cæsar* live to glory in their end.

Cæs. They say when as the younger *Affrican*,
Beheld the mighty Carthage wofull fall:
290 And sawe her stately Towers to smoke from farre,

He wept, and princely teares ran downe his cheekeſ,
Let pity then and true compaſlion,
Moue vs to rue no traterous *Carthage* fall,
No barbarous periurd enemies decay,
But *Rome* our natuie Country, haples *Rome*,
Whose bowels to vngently we haue peerc'd,
Faire pride of *Europe*, Mistrefſe of the world,
Cradle of vertues, nurſe of true renoune,
Whome *Ioue* hath plac'd in top of ſeauen hils:
That thou the lower worldes ſeauen climes mightſt rule. 300
Thee the proud *Parthian* and the cole-black *Moore*,
The ſterne *Tartarian*, borne to manage armes,
Doth feare and tremble at thy Maiesty.
And yet I bred and foſtered in thy lappe,
Durſt ſtrive to ouerthrowe thy Capitol:
And thy high Turrets lay as low as hell.

Dolo. O *Rome*, and haue the powers of Heauen decreed,
When as thy fame did reach vnto the Skie,
And the wide *Ocean* was thy Empires boundes,
And thou enricht with ſpoyleſ of all the world,
Was waxen proud with peace and ſoueraine raigne:
That Ciuill warres ſhould loſe what Forraine won,
And peace his ioyes, be turn'd to luckles broyleſ. 310

Lord. O *Pompey*, cursed cauſe of ciuill warre,
Which of thoſe hel-borne ſterne *Eumenides*:
Inflam'd thy minde with ſuich ambitious fire,
As nougħt could quençh it but thy Countries bloud.

Dolo. But this no while thy valour doth deſtayne,
Which foundſt vnsought for cauſe of ciuill broyleſ,
And fatall fuel which this fire enflam'd. 320

Auto. Let then his death ſet period to this ſtrife,
Which was begun by his ambitious life.

Cæſ. The flying *Pompey* to *Larissa* haſteſ,
And by *Theſſalian* Temple shapes his course:
Where faire *Penens* tumbles vp his waueſ,
Him weeſe purſue as faſt as he vs flies,
Nor he though garded with *Numidian* horſe,
Nor aydeſ with the vnreſiſted powre:

The Tragedy

The *Meroe*, or feauen mouth'd Nile can yeeld:
330 No not all *Affrick* arm'd in his defence
Shall serue to shrowd him from my fattall fworde. *Exit.*

Act I
sc. ii

A C T. 1.

S C. 4.

Enter Cato.

Ca. O where is banish'd liberty exil'd,
To *Affrick* deserts or to *Scythia* rockes,
Or whereas siluer streaming *Tanais* is?
Happy is *India* and *Arabia* blest,
And all the bordering regions vpon *Nile*
That neuer knew the name of Liberty,
340 But we that boast of *Brutes* and *Colatins*,
And glory we expeld proud *Tarquins* name,
Do greeue to loose, that we so long haue held.
Why reckon we our yeares by Consuls names:
And so long ruld in freedon, now to serue?
They lie that say in Heauen there is a powre
That for to wracke the sinnes of guilty men,
Holds in his hand a fierce three-forked dart.
Why would he throw them downe on *Oeta* mount
Or wound the vnderringing *Rhodope*,
350 And not rayne showers of his dead-doing darter,
Furor in flame, and Sulphures smothering heate
Vpon the wicked and accurf'd armes
That cruell *Romains* 'gainst their Country beare.
Rome ware thy fall: thosse prodigies foretould,
When angry heauens did powre downe showers of blood
And fattall *Comets* in the heauens did blasfe,
And all the Statues in the Temple blast,
Did weepe the losse of *Romaine* liberty.
Then if the Gods haue destined thine end,
360 Yet as a Mother hauing lost her Sonne,
Cato shall waite vpon thy tragick hearse,
And neuer leaue thy cold and bloodles corfe.
Ile tune a sad and dol-full funerall song,

Still

of Iulius Cæsar.

Still crying on lost liberties sweete name,
Thy sacred ashes will I wash with teares,
And thus lament my Countries obsequies.

A C T. 1.

S C. 5.

*Act 1
sc. iii*

Enter Pompey and Cornelia.

Cor. O cruel *Pompey* whether wilt thou flye,
And leaue thy poore *Cornelia* thus forlorne,
Is't our bad fortune or thy cruell will
That still it feuers in extremity.
O let me go with thee, and die with thee,
Nothing shall thy *Cornelia* grieuous thinke
That shee endures for her sweete *Pompeys* sake.

370

Pom. Tis for thy weale and safty of thy life,
Whose safty I preferre before the world,
Because I loue thee more then all the world,
That thou (sweete loue) should'ft heere remaine behinde
Till proofe assureth *Ptolemyes* doubted faith.

380

Cor. O dearest, what shall I my safty call,
That which is thrust in dangers harmefull mouth ?
Lookes not the thing so bad with such a name,
Call it my death, my bale, my wo, my hell,
That which indangers my sweete *Pompeys* life.

Pom. It is no danger (gentle loue) at all,
Tis but thy feare that doth it so miscall.

Cor. Ift bee no danger let me go with thee,
And of thy safty a partaker bee,
Alas why would'ft thou leaue mee thus alone :
Thinkst thou I cannot follow thee by Land
That thus haue followed thee ouer raging Seas,
Or do I varie in inconstant hopes :
O but thinke you my pleasure luckles is
And I haue made thee more vnfornatune.
Tis I, tis I, haue cauf'd this ouerthrow,
Tis my accursed starres that boade this ill,
And those misfortunes to my princely loue,

390

The Tragedy

Reuenge thee *Pompey*, on this wicked brat,
400 And end my woes by ending of my life,

Pom. What meanes my loue to aggrauate my griefe,
And torture my enough tormented Soule,
With greater greuance then *Pharsalian* losse?
Thy rented hayre doth rent my heart in twayne,
And these fayr Seas, that raine downe showers of tears,
Do melt my soule in liqued stremes of sorrow.
If that in *Aegipt* any daunger bee,
Then let my death procure thy sweet liues safety,

Cor. Can I bee safe and *Pompey* in distresse,
410 Or may *Cornelia* furuiue they death,
What daunger euer happens to my Soule.
What daunger eke shall happen to my life,
Nor *Libians* quick-sands, nor the barking gulfe,
Or gaping *Scylla* shall this Vnion part,
But still Ile chayne thee in my twining armes,
And if I cannot liue Ile die with thee.

Pom. O how thy loue doth ease my greeued minde,
Which beares a burthen heauier then the Heauens,
Vnder the which steele-shouldred Atlas grones.
420 But now thy loue doth hurt thy selfe and me,
And thy to ardent strong affection,
Hinders my fetled resolution.
Then by this loue, and by these christall eyes,
More bright then are the Lamps of *Ioues* high house,
Let me in this (I feare) my last request.
Not to indanger thy beloued life,
But in this ship remayne, and here awaite,
How Fortune dealeth with our doubtfull State,
Cor. Not so perswaded as coniurd sweete loue,
430 By thy commanding meeke petition.
I cannot say I yeeld, yet am constraind,
This neuer meeting parting to permit,
Then go deere loue, yet stay a little while,
Some what I am shure, tis more I haue to say,
Nay nothing now but Heauens guide thy steps.
Yet let me speake, why shoulde we part so soone,

Why

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Why is my talke tedious? may be tis the last.

Do women leaue their husbands in such haft,

Pom. More faithfull, then that fayre deflowered dame,

That sacrificizde her selfe to Chastety,

440

And far more louing then the *Charian* Queene,

That dranke her Husbands neuer fundred heart.

If that I dye, yet will it glad my soule,

Which then shall feede on those *Elisian* ioyes,

That in the sacred Temple of thy breast,

My living memory shall shrinde bee.

But if that eniuious fates should call thee hence,

And Death with pale and meager looke vsurpe,

Vpon those rosiate lips, and Currall cheeke,

Then Ayre be turnde, to poyson to infect me,

450

Earth gape and swallow him that Heauen's hate,

Consume me Fire with thy deuouring flames,

Or Water drowne, who else would melt in teares.

But liue, liue happy still, in safety liue,

Who safety onely to my life can giue. *Exit.*

Cor. O he is gon, go hie thee after him,

My vow forbids, yet still my care is with thee,

My cryes shall wake the siluer Moone by night,

And with my teares I will salute the Morne.

No day shall passe with out my dayly plaints,

460

No houre without my prayers for thy retурne.

My minde misgives mee *Pompey* is betrayd.

O *Ægypt* do not rob me of my loue.

Why beareth *Ptolomy* so sterne a looke?

O do not staine thy childlye yeares with blood:

Whil'lt *Pompey* florished in his Fortunes pride,

Ægypt and *Ptolomy* were faine to serue

And shue for grace to my distresed Lord:

But little bootes it, to record he was,

To be is onely that which Men respect,

Go poore *Cornelia* wander by the shore

And see the waters raging Billowes swell,

And beate with fury gainst the craggye rockes,

To that compare thy strong tempestuous griefe.

470

VVhich

The Tragedy

Which fiercely rageth in thy feeble heart,
Sorrow shuts vp the passage of thy breath:
And dries the teares that pitty faine would shed,
This onely therefore, this will I still crie,
Let Pompey liue although *Cornelia* die.

Exit.

Act I
sc. iv

A C T V S . 1 . S C E N A . 6 .

Enter Cæsar, Cleopatra, Dolobella, Lord and others

482 *Cæs.* Thy sad complaints fayre Lady cannot chuse,
But mooue a heart though made of *Adamant*,
And draw to yeeld vnto thy powerfull plaint,
I will replant thee in the *Egyptian* Throne
And all thy wrongs shall *Cæsars* vallor right,
Ile pull thy crowne from the vsurpers head,
And make the Conquered *Ptolomey* to stoope,
And feare by force to wrong a mayden Queene.

490 *Cleo.* Looke as the Earth at her great loues approch,
When goulden treffed fayre *Hippemors* Sonne
With those life-lending beames salutes his Spouse,
Doth then cast of her moorning widdowes weeds,
And calleth her handmayde, forth her flowery fayre,
To cloth her in the beauty of the spring,
And of fayre primroses, and sweet violets,
To make gay *Garlands* for to crowne her head.
So hath your prefence, welcome and fayre sight,
That glads the world, comforts poore *Egipts* Queene,
500 Who begs for succor of that conquering hand,
That as *Iones* Scepter this our world doth sway.

Dolo. Who would refuse to ayde so fayre a Queene.

Lord. Base bee the mind, that for so sweet a fayre,
Would not aduenture more then *Perseus* did,
When as he freed the faire *Andromeda*.

Cæsar. O how those louely *Tyranizing* eyes,
The Graces beautious habitation,
Where sweet desire, dartere woundrung shafts of loue:
Consume my heart with inward burning heate.

510 Not onely *Egypt* but all *Africa*,

Will

of *Iulius Cæsar.*

Will I subiect to *Cleopatras* name.

Thy rule shall stretch from vnknowne *Zanziber*,
Vnto those Sandes where high erected poastes.

Of great *Alcides*, do vp hold his name,
The sunne burnt Indians, from the east shall bring:

Their pretious store of pure refined gould,
The laboring worme shall weau the *Africke* twiste,
And to exceed the pompe of *Persian* Queene,

The Sea shall pay the tribute of his pearles.

For to adorne thy goulden yellow lockes,

Which in their curled knots, my thoughts do hold,

Thoughtes captiud to thy beauties conquering power.

520

Anto. I marueyle not at that which fables tell,

How rauisht *Hellen* moued the angry *Greeks*,

To vndertake eleuen yeares tedious seege,

To re-obtayne a beauty so diuine,

When I beheld thy sweete composed face.

O onely worthy for whose matchles sake,

Another seege, and new warres should arise,

Hector be dragde about the *Grecian* campe,

And *Troy* againe consumed with *Grecian* fire.

530

Cleo. Great Prince, what thanks can *Cleopatra* giue,

Nought haue poore Virgins to requite such good:

My simple selfe and seruice then vouchsafe,

And let the heauens, and he that althings fees.

With equall eyes such merits recompence,

I doe not seeke ambitiously to rule,

And in proud *Africa* to monarchize.

I onely craue that what my father gaue,

Who in his last be-hest did dying, will,

That I should ioyntly with my brother raigne:

540

But. How sweet those words drop from those hunny lips

Which whilst she speakes they still each other kisse.

Cæsa, Raigne, I, stl raigne in *Cæsars* conquered thoughts,

There build thy pallace, and thy sun-bright throne:

There sway thy Scepter, and with it beat downe,

Those traiterous thoughts (if any dare aryse:)

That will not yeeld to thy perfection,

C

To

The Tragedy

To chase thee flying *Pompey* haue I cut,
550 The great *Ionian*, and *Egean* seas:
And dredeles past the toyling Hellestant,
Famous for amorous *Leanders* death:
And now by gentle Fortunes so am blest,
As to behold what mazed thoughtes admire:
Heauens wonder, Natures and Earths Ornament,
And gaze vpon these firy sun-bright eyes:
The Heauenly spheares which Loue and Beauty mooue,
These Cheekes where Lillyes and red-roses striaue,
For soueraignty, yet both do equall raigne:
560 The dangling tresses of thy curled haire,
Nets weaud to cach our frayle and wandring thoughts:
Thy beauty shining like proud *Phæbus* face,
When *Ganges* glittereth with his radiant beames
He on his goulden trapped *Palfreys* rides,
That from their nostrels do the morning blow,
Through Heauens great path-way pau'd with shining
Thou art the fized pole of my Soules ioy, (starres)
Bout which my restleles thoughts are ouer turn'd:
My *Cynthia*, whose glory neuer waynes,
570 Guyding the Tide of mine affections:
That with the change of thy imperious lookes,
Dost make my doubtfull ioyes to eb and flowe.
Cleo. Might all the deedes thy hands had ere achiu'd,
That make thy farre extolled name to sound:
From sun-burnt East vnto the VVestern Iles,
VVhich great *Neptnnus* fouldeith in his armes,
It shall not be the least to seat a Maide,
And inthronize her in her natvie right.
Lord. VVhat neede you stand disputing on your right,
580 Or prouing title to the *Ægyptian* Crowne:
Borne to be Queene and Empresse of the world.
An. On thy perfection let me euer gaze,
And eyes now learne to treade a louers maze,
Heere may you surfeit with delicious store,
The more you see, desire to looke the more:
Vpon her face a garden of delite,

Exceeding

of *Julius Cæsar*.

Exceeding far *Adonis* fayned Bowre,
Heere staint white Lyllies spread their branches faire,
Heere lips send forth sweete Gilly-flowers smell.
And Damasck-rose in her faire cheeke do bud,
VVhile beds of Violets still come betweene
VVith fresh varyety to please the eye,
Nor neede these flowers the heate of *Phæbus* beames,
They cherisht are by vertue of her eyes.
O that I might but enter in this bowre,
Or once attaine the cropping of the flower.

590

Cæs. Now wend we Lords to *Alexandria*,
Famous for those wide wondred *Piramids*.
Whose towring tops do see me to threat the skie,
And make it proud by presence of my loue :
Then *Paphian* Temples and *Cytherian* hils,
And sacred *Gnidus* bonnet vaile to it,
A fayrer saint then *Venus* there shall dwell.

600

Antho. Led with the lode-starre of her lookes, I go
As crazed Bark is toff'd in trobled Seas,
Vncertaine to ariue in wished port.

A C T. 1.

F I N I S.

Enter Discord.

Flashes of fire. Chor. II

Antho. Now *Cæsar* hath thy flattering Fortune heapt
Those golden gifts and promis'd victories,
By fatall signes at *Rubicon* foretould:
Then triumph in thy glorious greatest pride,
And boast thou cast the lucky Die so well,
Now let the *Triton* that did sound alarme,
In his shrill trump resound the victory,
That Heauen and Earth may Ecco of thy fame:
Yet thinke in this thy Fortunes Iollity.
Though *Cæsar* be as great as great may be,
Yet *Pompey* once was euen as great as he,
And how he rode clad in *Setorius* spoyles :
And the *Sicilian* Pirats ouerthrowe.

610

620

The Tragedy

Ruling like *Nepoune* in the mid-land Seas,
Who basely now by Land and Sea doth flie,
The heauenly *Rectors* prosecuting wrath,
Yet Sea nor Land can shroud him from this iar,
O how it ioyes my discord thirsting thoughts,
To see them waight, that whilom flow'd in blisse.
To see like *Banners*, vnlike quarrels haue.

And *Roman* weapons shethd in *Roman* blood,
630 For this I left the deepe Infernall shades
And past the sad *Auernus* vgly iawes,
And in the world came I, being Discord hight,
Discord the daughter of the greely night.
To make the world a hell of plagues and woes,
Twas I that did the fatal Aple fling,
Betwixt the three *Idean* goddesSES,
That so much blood of *Greekes* and *Troians* spilt,
Twas I that caused the deadly *Thebans* warre,
And made the brothers swell with endleffe hate.
640 And now O *Rome*, woe, woe, to thee I cry
Which to the world do bring al misery.

Act 11
sc. i

A C T V S 2.

S C E N A 4.

Enter Achillas, and Sempronius.

Ach. Here are we placed, by *Ptolomies* command,
To murther *Pompey* when he comes on shore,
Then braue *Sempronius* prepare they selfe.
To execute the charge thou haft in hand,

Sem. I am a *Romaine*, and haue often serued,
Vnder his colours, when in former state,
650 *Pompey* hath bin the Generall of the field,
But cause I see that now the world is changd :
And like wife feele some of King *Ptolomeis* gould.
Ile kill him were he twenty Generalls,
And send him packing to his longest home.
I maruell of what mettell was the *French* man made.
Who when he shoulde haue stabb'd *Marius*,

They

of Iulius Cæsar.

They say he was astonished with his lookes.

Marius, had I beene there, thou neere hadſt liu'd,
To brag thee of thy ſeauen Consulſhips.

Achil. Brauely refolu'd, Noble *Sempronius*, 660

The damnedſt villaine that ere I heard ſpeake:
But great men ſtill muſt haue ſuch instruments,
To bring about their purpoſe, which once donne,
The deede they loue, but do the doer hate:
Thou ſhalt no leſſe (ſtout *Romaine*) be renown'd,
For being *Pompey's* Deaths-man, then was he,
That fir'd the faire *Ægyptian* Goddeſſe Church.

Sen. Nay that's al one, report ſay what ſhe liſt,
Tis for no shadowes I aduenture for:

Heere are the Crownes, heere are the wordly goods, 670
This betweene Princes doth contention bring:
Brothers this ſets at ods, turnes loue to hate;
It makes the Sonne to wiſh his Father hang'd
That he thereby might reuell with his bagges:
And did I knowe that in my Mothers womb,
There lurk'd a hidden vaine of Sacred gould,
This hand, this ſword, ſhould rape and rip it out.

Achil. Compaffion would that greedineſſe restraine.

Sen. I that's my fault, I am to compallionate,
Why man, art thou a ſouldier and doſt talke
Of womaniſh pity and compaffion? 680
Mens eyes muſt milſtones drop, when fooles ſhed teares,
But ſoft heeres *Pompey*, Ile about my worke.

Enter Pompey.

Pom. Truſting vpon King *Ptolomey's* promiſ'd fayth,
And hoping fuccor, I am come to ſhore:
In *Egypt* heere a while to make aboade.

Sen. Fayth longer *Pompey* then thou doſt expect.

Pom. See now worlds Monarchs, whom your ſtate makes
That thiſke your Honors to be permanent, (proud) 690
Of Fortunes change ſee heere a preſident,
Who whilom did command, now muſt intreate
And ſue for that which to accept of late,
Vnto the giuer was thought fortunate.

The Tragedy

Sem. I pray thee *Pompey* do not spend thy breath,
In reckning vp these ruffe titles now,
Which thy ambition grac'd thee with before,
I must confess thou wert my Generall,
But that cannot availe to saue thy life.

700 *Talke of thy Fortune* while thou list,
There is thy fortune *Pompey* in my fist.

Pom. O you that know what hight of honor meanes,
What tis for men that lulled in fortunes lap,
Haue climd the heighest top of soueraignety.
From all that pomp to be cast hed-long downe,
You may conceaue what *Pompey* doth sustayne,
I was not wont to walke thus all alone,
But to be met with troopes of Horse and Men.
With playes and pageants to be entertaynd,
710 A courtly trayne in royll rich aray,
With spangled plumes, that daunced in the ayre,
Mounted on steeds, with braue Caparisons deckt,
That in their gates did feeme to scorne the Earth.
Was wont my intertaynement beautifie,
But now thy comming is in meaner sort,
They by thy fortune will thy welcom rate.

Sem. What dost thou for such intertaynement looke,
Pompey how ere thy comming hether bee,
I haue prouided for thy going hence.
720 *Achi.* I will draw neere, and with fayre pleasing shew,
Wellcome great *Pompey* as the *Siren* doth
The wandering shipman with her charming song.

Pom. O how it greeues a noble hauty mind,
Framed vp in honors vncoutrouled schoole,
To serue and sue, whoe erst did rule and sway
What shall I goe and stoope to *Ptolomey*,
Nought to a noble mind more greefe can bring
Then be a begger where thou wert a King,
730 *Acb.* Wellcome a shire most great and gratioues prince
Welcome to *Egypt* and to *Ptolomey*.

The King my Maister is at hand my Lord,
To gratulate your safe ariuall heere.

Sem.

of Iulius Cæsar.

Sem. This is the King, and here is the Gentleman,
Which must thy comming gratulate a non,

Pom. Thanks worthy Lord vnto your King and you,
It ioyes me much that in extremity,
I found so sure a friend as *Ptolomey*,

Sem. Now is the date of thy proud life expird,
To which my poniard must a full poynt put,

Pompey from *Ptolomey* I come to thee, 740
From whome a prefant and a guift I bring,
This is the gift and this my message is *Stab him*

Pom. O Villaine thou hast slayne thy Generall,
And with thy base hand gor'd my royll heart.
Well I haue liued till to that height I came,
That all the world did tremble at my name,
My greatnesse then by fortune being enuied,
Stabed by a murtherous villaynes hand I died.

Ach. What is he dead, then straight cut of his head,
That whilom mounted with ambitions wings: 750
Cæsar no doubt with praise and noble thanks,
Regarding well this well deserued deede,
Whome weeke present with this most pleasing gift,

Sem. Loe you my maisters, hee that kills but one,
Is straight a Villaine and a murtherer cald,
But they that vse to kill men by the great,
And thousandes slay through their ambition,
They are braue champions, and stout warriors cald,
Tis like that he that steeles a rotten sheepe 760
That in a dich would else haue cast his hide,
He for his labour hath the haltars hier.
But Kings and mighty Princes of the world,
By letter pattens rob both Sea and Land.
Do not then *Pompey* of thy murther plaine,
Since thy ambition halfe the world hath slayne.

A C T V S 2.

S C E N A. 2.

Act II
sc. ii

Enter Cornelia.

Corne. O traterous villaines, hold your murthering hands,
Or

The Tragedy

Or if that needs they must be washt in blood,
770 Imbrue them heere, heere in *Cornelias* brest.
Ay mee as I stood looking from the Ship
(Accursed shipp that did not sinke and drowne:
And so haue sau'd me from so loath'd a fight)
Thee to behold what did betide my Lord,
My *Pompey* deere (nor *Pompey* now nor Lord)
I fawe those villaines that but now were heere:
Bucher my loue and then with violence,
To drawe his deare beloued Body hence;
What dost thou stand to play the Oratrix,
780 And tell a tale of thy deere husbands death?
Doth *Pompey*, doth thy loue moue thee no more?
Go cursed *Cornelia* rent thy wretched haire,
Drowne blobred cheeke in seas of faltest teares.
And if, it be true that sorrowes feeling powre,
Could turne poore *Niobe* into a weeping stome
O let mee weepe a like, and like stome be,
And you poore lights, that fawe this tragick fight,
Be blind and punnish'd with eternall night.
Vnhappy long to speake, bee neare so bould
790 Since that thou this so heauy tale hast tould.
These are but womanish exclamations
Light sorrowe makes such lamentations,
Pompey no words my true griefe can declare,
This for thy loue shalbe my best welfare. *Stab her selfe.*

Act II
sc. iii

A C T. 2.

S C E. 3.

*Enter Casar, Cleopatra, Anthony,
Dolobella, a Lord,*

Casar. There sterne *Achillas* and *Fortunius* lie,
Traytorous *Sempronius* and proud *Ptolomey*,
800 Go plead your cause fore the angry *Rhadamant*,
And tel him why you basely *Pompey* flew.
And let your guilty blood appeafe his Ghost,
That now fits wandring by the Stygian bankes,
Vnworthy

Vnworthy sacrifice to quite his worth,
For *Pompey* though thou wert mine enemy,
And vayne ambition mou'd vs to this strife;
Yet now in death when strife and enuy ceaſe.
Thy princely vertues and thy noble minde,
Moue me to rue thy vndeserued death,
That found a greater daunger then it fled;
Vnhapy man to ſcape ſo many wars,
And to protract thy glorious day ſo long,
Here for to perish in a barbarous foyle,
And end liues date ſtabd by a Bastards hand,
But yet with honour ſhalt thou be Intomb'd,
I will enbalme thy body with my teares,
And put thy ashes in an Vrne of gold,
And build with marble a deserued graue.
Whose worth indeede a Temple ought to haue.

810

Dolo. See how compassion drawes foorth Princely teares 820
And Virtue weepes her enemies funerall,
So sorrowed the mighty *Alexander*,
When *Befus* hand cauf'd *Darius* to die.

Ant. These greeued ſorrowing Princes do with me,
Ioynlyt agree in Contrariety,
Alacke we mourne, greeued is our mind alike,
Our gate is discontented, heauy our lookes,
Our ſorrowes all a like, but diſlike caufe.
Their foe is their grifes cauſer which my friend,
It is the loſſe of one that makes them wayle, 830
But I, that one there is a cruell one,
Do wayle and greeue and vnregarded mone.
Fayre beames caſt forth from theſe diſmayfull eyes,
Chaine my poore heart, in loue and ſorrowes giues,

Cleo. Forget ſweete Prince theſe ſad perplexed thoughts,
Withdraw thy mind in clowdy diſcontent,
And with *Ægyptian* pleasures feed thine eyes,
Wilt thou be hould the Sepulchers of Kings,
And Monuments that ſpeak the workemens prayſe?
Ile bring thee to Great *Alexanders* Tombe, 840
Where he, whome all the world could not ſuffice,

D

In

The Tragedy

In bare six foote of Earth, intombed lies,
And shew thee all the cost and curious art,
Which either *Cleops* or our *Memphis* boast:
Would you command a banquitt in the Court,
Ile bring you to a Royall goulden bowre,
Fayrer then that wherein great *Ioue* doth sit,
And heaues vp boles of *Nectar* to his Queene,
A stately Pallace, whose fayre doble gates:

850 Are wrought with garnish'd Carued Iuory,
And stately pillars of pure bullion fram'd.
With Orient Pearles and Indian stones imbold,
With golden Roofes that glister like the Sunne,
Shalbe prepar'd to entertaine my Loue:
Or wilt thou see our *Academick* Schooles,
Or heare our Priests to reason of the starres,
Hence *Plato* fecht his deepe Philosophy:
And heere in Heauenly knowledg they excell.

Antho. More then most faire, another Heauen to me,
860 The starres where on Ile gaze shalbe thy face,
Thy morall deedes my sweete Philosophy,
Venus the muse whose ayde I must implore:
O let me profit in this study best,
For Beauties scholler I am now prefest.

Lord. See how this faire *Egiptian* Sorceres,
Enchantes these Noble warriars man-like mindes,
And melts their hearts in loue and wantones.

Cæf. Most glorious Queene, whose cheerefull smiling
Expell these cloudes that ouer cast my minde. (words)
870 *Cæsar* will ioy in *Cleopatras* ioy,
And thinke his fame no whit disparaged,
To change his armes, and deadly sounding droms,
For loues sweete Laies, and Lydian harmony,
And now hang vp these Idle instruments.
My warlike speare and vncontrouled crest:
My mortall wounding sword and siluer shield,
And vnder thy sweete banners beare the brunt,
Of peacefull warres and amarous Alarmes:
Why *Mars* himselfe his bloudy rage alayd,

Dallying

Dallying in *Venus* bed hath often playd,
And great *Alcides*, when he did returne :
From *Iunos* taskes, and *Nemean* victories,
From monsters fell, and *Nemean* toyles :
Reposed himselfe in *Deianiras* armes.

880

Heere will I pitch the pillars of my fame,
Heere the *non ultra* of my labors write,
And with these Cheeke of Roses, lockes of Gold,
End my liues date, and trauayles manifould.

Dolo. How many lets do hinder vertuous mindes,
From the pursuit of honours due reward,
Be sides *Caribdis*, and fell *Scyllas* spight :
More dangerous *Circe* and *Calipsoes* cup,
Then pleasant gardens of *Alcionus* :
And thousand lets voluptuousnesse doth offer.

890

Cæf. I will regard no more these murtherous spoyles,
And bloody triumphs that I lik'd of late :
But in loues pleasures spend my wanton dayes,
Ile make thee garlondes of sweete smelling flowers,
And with faire rosall Chaplets crowne thy head,
The purple *Hyacinth* of *Phabus* Land :
Fresh *Amarinthus* that doth neuer die,
And faire *Narcissus* deere respendent shoars,
And Violets of Daffadilles so sweete,
Shall Beautify the Temples of my Loue,
Whil'st I will still gaze on thy beautious eyes,
And with Ambrosean kisses bath thy Cheeke.

900

Cleo. Come now faire Prince, and feast thee in our Courts
Where liberall *Cæres*, and *Læus* fat,
Shall powre their plenty forth and fruitfull store,
The sparkling liquor shall ore-flow his bankes :
And *Meroë* learne to bring forth pleasant wine,
Fruitfull *Arabia*, and the furthest Ind,
Shall spend their treasures of *Spicerie*
VVith *Nardus* Coranets weeble guird our heads :
And al the while melodious warbling notes,
Passing the seauen-fould harmony of Heauen :
Shall feeme to rauish our enchanted thoughts,

910

The Tragedy

Thus is the feare of vnkinde *Ptolomey*,
Changed by thee to feast in Iolity:

920 *Antho.* O how mine eares fuck vp her heauenly words,
The whil'st mine eyes do prey vpon her face:

Cæf. Winde we then *Anthony* with this Royall Queene,
This day weelee spend in mirth and banqueting.

Antho. Had I Queene, *Iunoes* heard-mans hundred eies,
To gaze vpon these two bright Sunnes of hirs:
Yet would they all be blinded instantly.

Cæf. VVhat hath some Melancholy discontent,
Ore-come thy minde with trobled passions.

930 *Ant.* Yet being blinded with the Sunny beames,
Her beauties pleasing colours would restore,
Decayed fight with fresh variety.

Lord. Lord *Anthony* what meanes this trobled minde,
Cæsar invites thee to the royall feast,
That faire Queene *Cleopatra* hath prepard.

Antho. Pardon me worthy *Cæsar* and you Lords,
In not attending your most gratiouis speech
Thoughts of my Country, and returne to *Rome*,
Som-what distempered my busy head.

940 *Cæf.* Let no such thoughts distemper now thy minde,
This day to *Bacchus* will wee consecrate,
And in deepe goblets of the purest wine,
Drinke healths vnto our feuerall friends at home.

Antho. If of my Country or of *Rome* I thought,
Twas that I neuer ment for to come there,
But spend my life in this sweete paradise.

Exeunt.

*Act 11
sc. iv*

A C T. 2.

S C E. 4.

Enter Cicero, Brutus, Casca, Camber, Trebonius.

Cice. Most prudent heads, that with your counsels wife,
The pillars of the mighty *Rome* sustaine,
950 You see how ciuill broyles haue torne our state:
And priuate strife hath wrought a publique wo,
Thessalia boasts that she hath seene our fall,

And

of *Iulius Cæsar.*

And *Rome* that whilom wont to Tiranize,
And in the necks of all the world hath rang'd,
Loosing her rule, to serue is now constrainyd,
Pompey the hope and stay of Common-weale,
VVhose vertues promis'd *Rome* security
Now flies distrest, disconsolate, forlorne,
Reproch of Fortune, and the victors scorne.

Cæf. VVhat now is left for wretched *Rome* to hope, 960
But in lamentes and bitter future woe,
To wey the downefall of her former pride:
Againe *Poifenna* brings in *Tarquins* names,
And *Rome* againe doth smoke with furious flames.
In *Pompeys* fall wee all are ouerthowne,
And subiect made to conqueror Tirany.

Bru. Most Noble *Cicero* and you *Romaine* Peeres,
Pardon the author of vnhappy newes,
And then prepare to heare my tragick tale.
VVith that same looke, that great *Atrides* stood, 970
At cruell alter staind with Daughters blood,
VVhen *Pompey* fled pursuing *Cesars* sword,
And thought to shun his following desteny.
And then began to thinke on many a friend,
And many a one recalled hee to minde:
Who in his Fortunes pride did leaue their liues,
And vowed seruice at his princely feete,
From out the rest, the yong *Egiptian* King,
VVhose Father of an Exild banish'd man
Hee seated had in throne of Maiesty, 980
Him chose, to whome he did commit his life,
(But O, who doth remember good-turnes past)
The Rising Sunne, not Setting, doth men please,
To ill committed was so great a trust,
Vnto so base a Fortune fauoring minde.
For he the Conquerors fauor to obtaine,
By Treason cauf'd great *Pompey* to be slaine:

Casca. O damned deede.

Cam. O Trayterous *Ptolomey*.

Tre. O most vnworthy and vngratefull fact.

The Tragedy

Cum. What plagues may serue to expiate this act,
The rouling stome or euerturning wheele,
The quenchles flames of firy *Phlegeton*,
Or endles thirst of which the Poets talke,
Are all to gentle for so vilde a deede.

Cas. Well did the *Cibills* vnrespected verse.
Bid thee beware of *Crocadilish Nile*,

Ter. And art thou in a barbarous soyle betrayd,
Defrawded *Pompey* of thy funerall rites,
1000 There none could weepe vpon thy funerall hearse,
None could thy Consulshipes and triumphs tell,
And in thy death set fourth thy liuing praise,
None would erect to thee a sepulcher.
Or put thine ashes in a pretious vrne,

Cice. Peace Lords lament not noble *Pompeys* death,
Nor thinke him wretched, cause he wants a *Tombe*,
Heauen couers him whome Earth denyes a graue:
Thinke you a heape of stomes could him inclose,
Whoe in the *Oceans* circuite buried is,
1010 And euery place where *Roman* names are heard,
The world is his graue, where liuing fame doth blaze,
His funerall praife through his immortall trump,
And ore his tombe vertue and honor sits,
With rented heare and eyes bespnt with teares,
And waile and weepe their deere sonne *Pompeys* death,

Bru. But now my Lords for to augment this griefe,
Cæsar the *Senates* deadly enimie,
Aimes eke to vs, and meanes to tryumph heere,
Vpon poore conquered *Rome* and common wealth,
1020 *Cas.* This was the end at which he alwayes aymd,

Tre. Then end all hope of *Romaines* liberty,
Rise noble *Romaine*, rise from rotten Tombes,
And with your fwordes recouer that againe:
With your braue prowes won, our basenes lost,

Gic. Renowned Lords content your trobled minds.
Do not ad Fuell to the conquerors fier.
Which once inflamed will borne both *Rome* and vs.
Cæsar although of high aspiring thoughtes,

And

of Iulius Cæsar.

And vncontrould ambitious Maiesty,
Yet is of nature faire and courteous,
You see hee commeth conqueror of the East :
Clad in the spoyles of the *Pharsalian* fieldes,
Then wee vnable to resist such powre :
By gentle peace and meeke submision,
Must seeke to pacify the victors wrath.

1030

Exeunt.

A C T. 2.

S C E. 5.

Act II
sc. v

Enter Cato Senior, and Cato Iunior.

Cat. Sen. My Sonne thou seeſt howe all are ouerthrowne,
That fought their Countries free-dome to maintaine,
Egipt forſakes vs, *Pompey* found his graue,
VVhere hee moſt ſuccor did expect to haue :
Scipio is ouerthrowne and with his haples fall,
Affrick to vs doth former ayde denay,
O who will helpe men in aduerſity :
Yet let vs ſhewe in our declining ſtate,
That strength of minde, that vertues conſtancy,
That erſt we did in our felicity,
Though Fortune fayles vs lets not fayle our felues,
Remember boy thou art a *Romaine* borne,
And *Catoes* Sonne, of me do vertue learne ;
Fortune of others, aboue althiſgs ſee
Thou prize thy Countries loue and liberty,
All bleſſings Fathers to their Sonnes can wiſh
Heauens powre on thee, and now my ſonne with-drawe
Thy ſelſe a while and leauue me to my booke.

1040

1050

Cat. Iun. What meaneſt my Father by this ſolemne leauue ?
First he remembred me of my Fortunes change,
And then more earnestly did me exhort
To Counrries loue, and conſtancy of minde,
Then he was wont : ſom-whats the cauſe,
But what I knowe not, O I feare I feare,
His to couragiouſ heart that cannot beare
The thrall of *Rome* and triumph of his foe,

1060

By

The Tragedy

By his owne hand threatens danger to his life,
How ere it be at hand I will abide,
VVayting the end of this that shal betide.

Exit.

Cato Senior with a booke in his hand.

Cato Sen. *Plato* that promised immortality,
Doth make my soule resolute it selfe to mount,
1070 Vnto the bowre of those Celestiall ioyes,
VVhere freed from loathed Prison of my soule,
In heauenly notes to *Phabus* which shall sing:
And *Pean Io, Pean* loudly ring.
Then fayle not hand to execute this deede,
Nor faint nor heart for to command my hand,
VVauer not minde to counsell this resolute,
But with a courage and thy liues last act,
Now do I giue thee *Rome* my last farewell.
Who cause thou fearest ill do therefore die,
1080 O talke not now of *Cannas* ouerthrowe,
And raze out of thy lasting Kalenders,
Those bloody fonges of *Hilias* dismall fight:
And note with black, that black and cursed day,
When *Cæsar* conquered in *Pharsalia*,
Yet will not I his conquest glorie:
My ouerthrow shall neere his triumph grace,
For by my death to the world Ile make that knowne,
No hand could conquer *Cato* but his owne. *stabs himself.*

Enter Cato Junior running to him.

1090 *Ca. Inn.* O this it was my minde told me before,
VVhat meanes my Father, why with naked blade,
Dost thou assault, that faithfull princely hand:
And mak'st the base Earth to drinke thy Noble bloud,
Bee not more sterne, and cruell 'gainst thy selfe,
Then thy most hateful enemies would be,
No *Parthian, Gaule, Moore*, no not *Cæsars* selfe,
VVould with such cruelty thy worth repay,
O stay thy hand, giue me thy fatall blade:
VVhich turnes his edge and waxeth blunt to wound,
1100 A brest so fraught with vertue excellent.

Ca. Seni. VVhydost thou let me of my firme resolute,

Vnkinde

of Iulius Cæsar.

Vnkinde boy hinderer of thy Fathers ioy,
Why doſt thou ſlay me, or wilt thou betray
Thy Fathers life vnto his foe-mens hands,
And yet I wrong thy faith, and loue too much,
In thy ſoules kindeneſſe, tis thou art vnkinde.

Cat. Iun. If for your ſelfe you do this life reiect,
Yet you your Sonnes and Countries: fake reſpect,
Rob not my yong yeares of ſo ſweete a ſtay,
Nor take from *Rome* the Pillor of her ſtrength.

1110

Cat. Sene. Although I die, yet do I leaue behinde,
My vertues fauor to bee thy youths guide:
But for my Country, could my life it profit,
Ile not refufe to liue that died for it,
Now doth but one ſmal ſnuffe of breath remaine: 112
And that to keepe, ſhould I mine Honor ſtaine?

Cat. Iuni. Where you do ſtrive to ſhew your vertue moſt,
There more you do diſgrace it Cowards vſe,
To ſhun the woes and trobles of this life:
Baſely to flie to deaths ſafe Sanctuary,
When conſtant vertues doth the hottest brunt's,
Of griefes affaultes vnto the end endure.

1120

Ca. Seni. Thy words preuaile, come lift me vp my Son,
And call ſome help to binde my bleeding wounds.

Cat. Iuni. Father I go with a more willing minde,
Then did *Æneas* when from *Troyan* fire,
He bare his Father, and did ſo reſtore:
The greatest gift hee had receiued before. *Exit.*

Cat. Seni. Now haue I freed mee of that hurtfull Loue,
Which interrupted my reſolued will, 1130
Which all the world can neuer ſtay nor change:
Cæſar whose rule commands both Sea and Land,
Is not of powre to hinder this weake hand,
And time ſucceeding ſhall behold that I
Although not liue, yet died courraigioſly, *ſtab himſelfe.*

Enter Cato Iunior.

Ca. Iuni. O haſt thou thus to thine owne harme deceiu'd me
Well I perceiue thy Noble dauntles heart:
Because it would not beare the Conquerors iſſolence,

E

Vſed

The Tragedy

1140 Vsed on it selfe this cruell violence,
I know not whether I should more lament,
That by thine owne hand thou thus slaughtred art,
Or Ioy that thou so nobly didst depart. Exit.

FINIS. ACTVS. 2.

Chor. III

Enter Discord.

Dis. Now *Cæsar* rides triumphantly through *Rome*,
And deckes the Capitoll with *Pompeys* spoyle:
Ambition now doth vertues seat vsurp,
Then thou Reuengfull great *Adastria* Queene.
1150 Awake with horror of thy dubbing Drumm,
And call the snaky furies from below,
To dash the Ioy of their triumphing pride,
Erinnis kindle now thy *Stigian* brands,
In discontented *Brutus* boyling brest,
Let *Cæsar* die a bleeding sacrifice,
Vnto the Soule of thy dead Country *Rome*.
Why sleepest thou *Cassius*? wakethee from thy dreame:
And yet thou naught doft dreame but blood and death.
For dreadfull visions do afright thy sleepe.
1160 And howling Ghosts with gasty horrors cry,
By *Cassius* hand must wicked *Cæsar* die,
Now *Rome* cast of thy gaudy painted robes
And cloth thy selfe in fable colored weedes,
Changethy vaine triumphs into funerall pomps,
And *Cæsar* cast thy Laurell crowne apart,
And bind thy temples with sad *Cypres* tree.
Of warrs thus peace infues, of peace more harmes,
Then erst was wrought by tragick warrs alarmes, Exit.

Act. III
sc. i

A C T. 3.

S C E. 1.

Enter Cassius.

1171 *Cas.* Harke how *Cæsarians* with resounding shoutes,
Tell heauens of their pomps and victories,
Cæsar

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Cæsar that long in pleasures idle lap,
And daliance vayne of his Proud Curtezan,
Had luld his sterne and bloody thoughts a sleepe,
Now in *Rome* streets ore *Romaines* come to triumph,
And to the *Romains* shews those *Tropheyes* sad,
Which from the *Romaines* he with blood did get:
The Tyrant mounted in his goulden chayre,
Rides drawne with milke white palferies in like pride, 1180
As *Phæbus* from his Orientall gate,
Mounted vpon the firy *Phlegetons* backes.
Comes prauincing forth, shaking his dewie locks:
Cæsar thou art in gloryes cheefest pride,
Thy sonne is mounted in the highest poynt:
Thou placed art in top of fortunes wheele,
Her wheele must turne, thy glory must eclipse,
Thy Sunne descend and loose his radiant light,
And if none be, whose countrys ardent loue,
And losse of *Roman* liberty can moue, 1190
Ile be the man that shall this taske performe.
Cassius hath vowed it to dead *Pompeys* soule,
Cassius hath vowed it to afflicted *Rome*,
Cassius hath vowed it, witnes Heauen and Earth, *Exit.*

A C T V S 3.

S C E N A 2.

Act III
sc. ii

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolobella, Lords, two Romaines, & others

Cæsar. Now haue I shaked of these womanish linkes,
In which my captiud thoughts were chayned a fore,
By that fayre charming *Cicces* wounding look,
And now like that same ten yeares trauayler, 1200
Leauing be-hind me all my trobles past.
I come awayted with attending fame,
Who through her shrill triump doth my name resound,
And makes proud *Tiber* and *Lygurian Poe*,
(Yet a sad witner of the Sunne-Gods losse,)
Beare my names glory to the *Ocean* mayne,
Which to the worlds end shall it bound it againe,

E 2

As

The Tragedy

As from *Phægian* fields the King of Gods,
With conquering spoyles and *Tropheus* proud returnd,
1210 When great *Typhæus* fell by thundering darts,
And rod away with their Cælestiall troops,
In greatest pride through Heauens smooth paued way,
So shall the Pompeous glory of my traine,
Daring to match ould *Saturns* kingly Sonne,
Call downe these goulden lampes from the bright skie,
And leue Heauen blind, my greatnes to admire.
This laurell garland in fayre conquest made,
Shall stayne the pride of *Ariadnes* crowne,
Clad in the beauty of my glorious lampes,
1220 *Cassiopea* leue thy starry chayre,
And onmy Sun-bright Chariot wheels attend,
Which in triumphing pompe doth *Cæsar* beare.
To Earths astonishment, and amaze of Heauen :
Now looke proude *Rome* from thy seuen-fould seate,
And see the world thy subiect, at thy feete,
And *Cæsar* ruling ouer all the world.

Dolo. Now let vs cease to boast of *Romulus*,
First author of high *Rome* and *Romaines* name.
Nor talke of *Scaurus*, worthy *Africans*,
1230 The scourge of *Libia*, and of *Carthage* pride,
Nor of vnconquered *Paulus* dauntles minde,
Since *Cæsars* glory them exceeds as farre
As shining *Phebe* doth the dimmest starre.

Ant. Like as the Ship-man that hath lost the starre.
By which his doubtfull ship he did direct,
Wanders in darkenes, and in Cloudy night,
So hauing lost my starr, my Gouernesle.
Which did direct me, with her Sonne-bright ray,
In greefe I wander and in sad dismay :
1240 And though of triumphes and of victoryes,
I do the out-ward signes and *Trophies* beare,
Yet see mine inward mind vnder that face,
Whose collours to these Triumphes is disgrace,

Lord. As when from vanquished *Macedonia*,
Triumphing ore King *Persius* ouerthrow,

Conquering

Conquering *Æmelius*, in great glory came.
Shewing the worlds spoyles which he had bereft,
From the successors of great *Alexander*,
With such high pomp, yea greater victories,
Cæsar triumphing coms into fayre *Rome*,

1250

1. *Rom.* In this one Champion all is comprehended,
Which ancient times in feuerall men commended,
Alcides strength, *Achilles* dauntles heart,
Great *Phillips* Sonne by magnanimity.
Sterne *Pyrrhus* vallour, and great *Hectors* might,
And all the prowes, that ether *Greece* or *Troy*,
Brought forth in that same ten years *Troians* warre.

2. *Rom.* Faire *Rome* great monument of *Romulus*.
Thou mighty feate of consuls and of Kings:
Ouer-victorious now Earths Conquerer,
Welcome thy valiant sonne that to thee brings,
Spoyles of the world, and exquies of Kings.

1260

Cæsar. The conquering Isle of immortall *Ioue*.
Which in the *Persian* spoyles first fetch his fame.
Then through *Hydasspis*, and the *Caspian* waues,
Vnto the sea vnknowne his praise did propagate,
Must to my glory vayle his conquering crest:
The *Lybick* Sands, and *Africk Sirts* hee past.
Bactrians and *Zogdians*, knowne but by their names,
Whereby his armes resistles, powers subdued,
And *Ganges* stremes congeald with *Indian* blood,
Could not transeport his burthen to the sea.
But these nere lerned at *Mars* his games to play,
Nor tost these bloody bals, of dread and death:

1270

Arar and proud *Saramnia* speaks my praise,
Robdans shrill *Tritons* through their brasen trumpes,
Ecco my fame against the *Gallian* Towers,
And *I/isis* wept to see her daughter *Thames*.
Chainge her cleere cristall, to vermilian sad,
The big bond *German*, and *Heluetian* stout,
Which well haue learned to tosse a tusked speare,
And well can curbe a noble stomackt horse,
Can *Cæsars* vallour witnes to their greefe

1280

Iuba

The Tragedy

Iuba the mighty *Affrick* Potentate,
That with his cole-black *Negroes* to the field,
Backt with *Numidian* and *Getulian* horse,
Hath felt the puissance of a *Roman* sword.

I entred *Asia* with my banners spred,
Displayed the *Ægle* on the *Euxin* sea:

1290 By *Iason* first, and ventrous *Argo* cut,
And in the rough *Cimerian Bosphorus*:
A heauy witnesse of *Pharnaces* flight,
And now am come to triumph heere in *Rome*,
VVith greater glory then ere *Romaine* did. *Exeunt.*

Act III.

sc. iii.

Sound drums and Trumpets amaine.

Enter Anthony.

Antho. Alas these triumphes mooue not me at all,
But only do renew remembrance sad,
Of her triumphing and imperious lookes,
1300 VVhich is the Saint and Idoll of my thoughtes:
First was I wounded by her percing eye:
Next prisoner tane by her captiuing speech,
And now shee triumphes ore my conquered heart,
In *Cupids* Chariot ryding in her pride,
And leades me captiue bounde in Beauties bondes:
Cesars lip-loue, that neuer touch'd his heart,
By present triumph and the absent fire,
Is now waxt could; but mine that was more deepe,
Ingrauen in the marble of my brest,
1310 Nor time nor Fortune ere can raze it out.

Enter Anthอนies bonus genius.

Gen. Anthony, base femall *Anthony*,
Thou womans souldiar, fit for nights assaults,
Hast thou so soone forgot the discipline,
And wilsome taskes thy youth was trayned to,
Thy soft downe Pillow, was a helme of steele:
The could damp earth, a bed to ease thy toyle,
Afrigted slumbers were thy golden sleepes:
Hunger and thirst thy sweetest delicates,
1320 Sterne horror, gastly woundes, pale greesly death:
Thy winde depressing pleasures and delights,

And

of Iulius Cæsar.

And now so soone hath on enchanted face,
These manly labours huld in drowsy sleepe :
The Gods (whose messenger I heere do stand)
Will not then drowne thy fame in Idlenesse :
Yet must *Philippi* see thy high employtes,
And all the world ring of thy Victories.

Antho. Say what thou art, that in this dreadful fort
Forbidd'it me of my *Cleopatras* loue.

Gen. I am thy *bonus Genius, Anthony,*
VVhich to thy dul eares this do prophecy :
That fatall face which now doth so bewitch thee,
Like to that vaine vnconstant Greekish dame,
VVhich made the stately *Ilian* towres to smoke,
Shall thousand bleeding *Romains* lay one ground :
Hymen in sable not in saferon robes,
Instead of roundes shall dolefull dirges singe.

1330

For nuptiall tapers, shall the furies beare,
Blew-burning torches to increase your feare :

The bride-grooms scull shal make the bridal bondes :

1340

And hel-borne hags shall dance an Antick round,
VWhile *Hecate Hymen* (heu, heu) *Hymen* cries,
And now methinkes I see the seas blew face :

Hidden with shippes, and now the trumpets sound,
And weake *Canopus* with the *Ægle* striues,

Neptune amazed at this dreadfull fight :

Cals blew sea Gods for to behold the fight,

Glaucus and *Panopea*, *Proteus* ould,

VWho now for feare changeth his wonted shape,

Thus your vaine loue which with delight begunne :

In Idle sport shall end with bloud and shame. *Exit.*

1350

Antho. VVhat wast my *Genius* that mee threatned thus ?

They say that from our birth he doth preserue :

And on mee will he powre these miseries ?

VVhat burning torches, what alarums of warre,

VVhat shames did he to my loues prophesie ?

O no hee comes as winged *Mercurie*,

From his great Father *Ioue*, t' *Anchoris* sonne

To warne him leaue the wanton dalliance,

And

The Tragedy

1360 And charming pleasures of the *Tyrian* Court,
Then wake the *Anthony* from this idle dreame,
Cast of these base effeminate passions:
Which melt the courrage of thy manlike minde,
And with thy sword receiue thy sleeping praise.

Exit.

Act III
sc. iv

A C T. 3. S C. 3.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. How long in base ignoble patience,
Shall I behold my Countries wofull fall,
O you braue *Romains*, and among'st the rest
1370 Most Noble *Brutus*, faire befall your soules:
Let Peace and Fame your Honored graues awaite,
Who through such perils, and such tedious warres,
Won your great labors prise sweete liberty,
But wee that with our life did freedoms take,
And did no sooner Men, then free-men, breath:
To loose it now continuing so long,
And with such lawes, such vowes, such othes confir'm'd
Can nothing but disgrace and shame expect:
But soft what see I written on my feate,
1380 *O vitnam Brute viueres.*
What meaneth this, thy courage dead,
But stay, reade forward, *Brute mortuus es.*
I thou art dead indeed, thy courrage dead
Thy care and loue thy dearest Country dead,
Thy wonted spirit and Noble stomack dead.

Enter *Cassius*.

Cassi. The times drawe neere by gratiouse heauens
When *Philips* Sonne must fall in *Babilon*, (affignd)
In his triumphing proud perfumption:
1390 But see where melancholy *Brutus* walkes,
Whose minde is hammering on no meane conceit:
Then found him *Cassius*, see how hee is inclined,
How fares young *Brutus* in this tottering state.

Bru. Euen as an idle gazer, that beholdes,

His

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

His Countries wrackes and cannot succor bring.

Cass. But wil *Brute* alwaies in this dreame remaine,
And not bee mooued with his Countries mone.

Bru. O that I might in *Lethe*s endles sleepe,
And neere awaking pleasant rest of death
Close vp mine eyes, that I no more might see,
Poore *Romes* distresse and Countries misery.

1400

Cas. No *Brutus* liue, and wake thy sleepy minde,
Stirre vp those dying sparkes of honors fire,
VVhich in thy gentle breast weare wont to flame :
See how poore *Rome* opprest with Countries wronges,
Implores thine ayde, that bred thee to that end,
Thy kinf-mans soule from heauen commandes thine aide :
That lastly must by thee receiue his end,
Then purchas honor by a glorious death,
Or liue renown'd by ending *Cesars* life.

1410

Bru. I can no longer beare the Tirants pride,
I cannot heare my Country crie for ayde,
And not bee mooued with her pitious mone,
Brutus thy soule shall neuer more complaine :
That from thy linage and most vertuous stock,
A bastard weake degenerat branch is borne,
For to distaine the honor of thy house.
No more shall now the *Romains* call me dead,
Ile liue againe and rowze my sleepy thoughts :
And with the Tirants death begin this life.

1420

Rome now I come to reare thy states decayed,
VVhen or this hand shall cure thy fatall wound,
Or else this heart by bleeding on the ground.

Cas. Now heauen I fee applaудes this enterprise,
And *Rhadamanth* into the fatall Vrne,
That lotheth death, hath thrust the Tirants name,
Cæsar the life that thou in bloud hast led :
Shall heape a bloudy vengance on thine head. *Exeunt.*

F

A C T.

The Tragedy

Act III

sc. v

A C T. 2.

S C E. 4.

Enter Caesar, Anthony Dolobella, Lords, and others.

1431 *Cæs.* Now servile *Pharbia* proud in *Romaine* spoile,
Shall pay her ransome vnto *Cæsars* Ghost:

Which vnreuenged roues by the Stygian strand,
Exclaiming on our sluggish negligence.

Leauē to lament braue *Romans*, loe I come,
Like to the God of battell, mad with rage,
To die their riuers with vermillion red:

Ile fill *Armenians* playnes and *Medians* hils,
With carkases of bastard *Scithian* broode,

1440 And there proud Princes will I bring to *Rome*,
Chained in fetters to my charriot wheeles:

Desire of fame and hope of sweete reueng,
Which in my brest hath kindled such a flame,
As nor *Euphrates*, nor sweet *Tybers* streme,
Can quench or slack this feruent boyling heate:
These conquering souldiers that haue followed me,
From vanquisht *France* to sun-burnt *Meroe*,
Matching the best of *Alexanders* troopes.

Shall with their lookes put *Parthian* foes to flight,

1450 And make them twise turne their deceitfull lookes,

Ant. The restleſſe mind that harbors sorrowing thoughts,
And is with child of noble enterprise,

Doth neuer cease from honors toileſome taske,
Till it brings forth Eternall gloryes broode.

So you fayre braunch of vertues great discent,
Now hauing finish'd Ciuill warres sad broyles,
Intend by *Parthian* triumphes to enlarge,
Your contryes limits, and your owne renowne,
But cause in *Sibilles* ciuill wris we finde,

1460 None but a King that conquest can atchiue,
Both for to crowne your deedes with due reward,
And as auspicious signes of victorye.

Wee here present you with this *Diadem*,

Lord. And euen as kings were banish'd *Romes* high throne
Cause

of Iulius Cæsar.

Cause their base vice, her honour did destayne,
So to your rule doth shee submit her selfe,
That her renowne there by might brighter shine,

Cæsar. Why thinke you Lords that tis ambitions spur.

That pricketh *Cæsar* to these high attempts,
Or hope of *Crownes*, or thought of *Diadems*,
That made me wade through honours perilous deepe,

1470

Vertue vnto it selfe a shure reward,

My labours all shall haue a pleasing doome,

If you but Judge I will deserue of *Rome*:

Did those old *Romaines* suffer so much ill?

Such tedious feeges, such enduring warrs?

Tarquinius hates, and great *Porfennas* threats,
To banish proude imperious tyrants rule?

And shall my euerdaring thoughts contend

To marre what they haue brought to happy end:

1480

Or thinke you cause my Fortune hath expeld,

My friends, come let vs march in iolity,

Ile triumph Monarke-like ore conquering *Rome*,

Or end my conquests with my countryes spoyles,

Dolo. O noble Princely resolution.

These or not victoryes that we so call,

That onely blood and murtherous spoyles can vaunt:

But this shalbe thy victory braue Prince,

That thou hast conquered thy owne climing thoughts,

And with thy vertue beat ambition downe,

And this no lesse inblazon shall thy fame.

1490

Then those great deeds and chialrous attempts,

That made thee conqueror in *Theffalia*.

Ant. This noble mind and Princely modesty,
Which in contempt of honours brightnes shines,
Makes vs to wish the more for such a Prince,
Whose vertue not ambition won that praise,
Nor shall we thinke it losse of liberty.

Or *Romaine* liberty any way impeached,

For to subiect vs to his Princely rule,

1500

Whose thoughts fayre vertue and true honor guides:

Vouchsafe then to accept this goulden crowne,

The Tragedy

A gift not equall to thy dignity.

Cæs. Content you Lordes for I wilbe no King,

An odious name vnto the *Romaine* eare,

Cæsar I am, and wilbe *Cæsar* still,

No other title shal my Fortunes grace:

Which I will make a name of higher state

Then Monarch, King or worldes great Potentate.

1510 Of *Ioue* in Heauen, shal ruled bee the skie,

The Earth of *Cæsar*, with like Maiesy.

This is the Scepter that my crowne shall beare,

And this the golden diadem Ile weare,

A farre more rich and royll ornament,

Then all the Crownes that the proud *Persian* gaue:

Forward my Lordes let Trumpets sound our march,

And drums strike vp Reuenges sad alarms,

Parthia we come with like incensed heate,

As great *Atrides* with the angry Greeks,

1520 Marching in fury to pale walls of Troy.

Act III
sc. vi

A C T. 3.

S C. 5.

Enter *Cassius*, *Brutus*, *Trebonius*, *Cumber Casca*.

Tre. Braue Lords whose forward resolution,

Shewes you descended from true *Romaine* line,

See how old *Rome* in winter of her age,

Reioyseth in such Princely budding hopes,

No leſſe then once ſhe in *Decius* vertue did,

Or great *Camillus* bringing back of ſpoyles.

On then braue Lords of this attempt begun,

1530 The ſacred Senate doth commend the deede:

Your Countries loue incites you to the deed,

Vertue her ſelfe makes warrant of the deed,

Then Noble *Romains* as you haue begun:

Neuer defiſt vntill this deede be done.

Cas. To thee Reueng doth *Cassius* kneele him downe.

Thou that brings quiet to perplexed ſoules,

And borne in Hel, yet harboreſt heauens ioyes,

Whofe

of *Iulus Cæsar.*

Whose fauor slaughter is, and dandling death,
Bloud-thirsty pleasures and mis'boding blisse:
Brought forth of Fury, nurse of cankered Hate,
To drowne in woe the pleasures of the world.

1540

Thou shalt no more in duskish *Erebus*:
And dark-some hell obscure thy Deity,
Insteede of *Ioue* thou shalt my Godeſſe bee,
To thee faire Temples *Cæſſius* will erect:
And on thine alter built of *Parian* ſtone
Whole *Hecatombs* will I offer vp.
Laugh gentle Godeſſe on my bould attempt,
Yet in thy laughter let pale meager death:
Bee wrapt in wrinkels of thy murthering ſpoyles.

1550

Bru. An other *Tarquin* is to bee expeld,
An other *Brutus* liues to act the deede:
Tis not one nation that this *Tarquin* wronges,
All *Rome* is ſtayn'd with his vnruleſd deſires,
Shee whose imperiaſl ſcepter was invr'd:
To conquer Kings and to controul the world,
Cannot abate the glory of her ſtate,
To yeeld or bowe to one mans proud deſires:
Sweete Country *Rome* here *Brutus* vowed to thee,
To loſe his life or elfe to ſet thee free.

1560

Caf. Shame bee his ſhare that doth his life ſo prize,
That to *Romes* weale it would not ſacrifize,
My Poniardes point ſhall pearce his heart as deepe,
As earſt his ſworde *Romes* bleeding ſide did goare:
And change his garments to the purple die,
With which our bloud had ſtaynd ſad *Theſſaly*.

Cam. Hee doth refuſe the title of a King,
But wee do ſee hee doth vſurp the thing.

Tre. Our ancient freedome hee impeacheth more,
Then euer King or Tyrant did before.

1570

Caf. The Senators by him are quite diſgrac'd,
Rome, Romans, Citty, Freedome, all defac'd.

Caffi. We come not Lords, as vnreſoluſed men,
For to ſhewe cauſes of the deed decreed,
This shall diſpute for mee and tell him why,

This

The Tragedy

This heart, hand, minde, hath mark'd him out to die:
If it be true that furies quench-les thirst,
Is pleas'd with quaffing of ambitious bloud,
Then all you deuills whet my Poniards point,
1580 And I wil broach you a bloud-sucking heart:
Which full of bloud, must bloud store to you yeeld,
Were it a peerce to flint or marble stome:
Why so it is for *Cæsars* heart's a stome,
Els would bee mooued with my Countries mone.
They say you furies instigate mens mindes,
And push their armes to finnish bloudy deedes:
Prick then mine Elbo: goade my bloudy hand,
That it may goare *Cæsars* ambitious heart. Exeunt.

Act III
sc. viii

A C T V S 3.

S C E N A 6.

Enter Cæsar, Calphurnia.

1591 *Cæs.* Why thinkes my loue to fright me with her dreames?
Shall bug-beares feare *Cæsars* vndaunted heart,
Whome *Pompeys* Fortune neuer could amaze,
Nor the *French* horse, nor *Mauritanian* boe,
And now shall vaine illusions mee affright:
Or shadowes daunt, whom substance could not quell?
Calphur. O dearest *Cæsar*, haft thou seene thy selfe,
(As troubled dreames to me did faine thee seene:)
Torne, Wounded, Maymed, Blod-slaughtered, Slaine,
1600 O thou thy selfe, wouldest then haue dread thy selfe:
And feard to thrust thy life to dangers mouth.

Cæs. There you bewray the folly of your dreame,
For I am well, alive, vnaught, vntoucht.

Calphur. T'was in the Senate-house I sawe thee so,
And yet thou dreadles thither needes will go.

Cæs. The Senate is a place of peace, not death,
But these were but deluding visions.

Calphur. O do not set so little by the heauens,
Dreames ar diuine, men say they come from *Ioue*,
1610 Beware betimes, and bee not wise to late:

Mens

of Julius Cæsar.

Mens good indeuours change the wills of Fate.

Cæs. Wееpе not faire loue, let not thy wofull teares
Bode mee, I knowe what thou wouldest not haue to hap
It will distaine mine honor wonne in fight
To say a womans dreame could me affright.

Cal. O *Cæsar* no dishonour canſt thou get,
In ſeeking to preuent vnlucky chance:
Foole-hardy men do runne vpon their death,
Bee thou in this perfwaded by thy wife:
No valour bids thee caſt away thy life.

1620

Cæs. Tis daſtard cowardize and childiſh feare,
To dread thoſe dangers that do not appeare:

Cal. Thou muſt ſad chance by fore-caſt, wife refiſt,
Or being done ſay boote-les had I wifte.

Cæs. But for to feare wher's no ſuſpition,
Will to my greatneſſe be deriſion.

Cal. There lurkes an adder in the greenelſt graffe,
Daungers of purpose alwayes hide their face:

Cæs. Perfwade no more *Cæſar's* refolu'd to go.

Cal. The Heauens refolute that hee may ſafe returne,
For if ought happen to my loue but well:
His danger ſhalbe doubled with my death.

1630

Exit.

Enter Augur.

Augur. I, come they are, but yet they are not gon.

Cæs. What haſt thou ſacrifiz'd, as cuſtome is,
Before wee enter in the Senat-houſe.

Augur. O ſtay thoſe ſteeps that leade thee to thy death,
The angry heauens with threaſtning dire aspect,
Boding miſchance, and balfull maſſacers,
Menace the ouerthrowe of *Cæſar's* powre:

1640

Saturne ſits frowniſg on the God of Warre,
VVho in their ſad coniunction do conſpire,
Vniting both their bale full influences,
To heape miſchance, and danger to thy life:
The Sacrificing beaſt is heart-les found:
Sad ghaſtly ſightes, and rayſed Ghostes appeare,
Which fill the ſilent woods, with groning cries:
The hoarſe Night-rauen tunes the chearles voyce,
And caſts the bale-full Owle, and howling Doge,

To

The Tragedy

1650 To make a consort. In whose sad song is this,
Neere is the ouerthrow of *Cæsars* blisse. *Exit.*

Cæsar. The world is set to fray mee from my wits,
Heers harteles Sacrifice and visions,
Howlinge and cryes, and gastly grones of Ghosts,
Soft *Cæsar* do not make a mockery,
Of these Prodigious signes sent from the Heauens,
Calphurnias Dre ame Iumping which *Augurs* words,
Shew (if thou markest it *Cæsar*) cause to feare:
This day the Senate there shalbe dissolued,

1660 And Ile returne to my *Calphurnia* home, *One giues him*
What hast thou heare that thou presents vs with, *a paper.*

Pre. A thing my Lord that doth concerne your life.
Which loue to you and hate of such a deed,
Makes me reueale vnto your excellency. *Cæsar laughs.*
Smilest thou, or think'st thou it some ilde toy,
Thout frowne a non to read so many names.
That haue confspird and sworne thy bloody death, *Exit.*

Enter Cassius.

Cassius. Now must I come, and with close subtile girdes,
1670 Deceauie the prey that Ile deuoure anon,
My Lord the Sacred Senate doth expect,
Your royll presence in *Pompeius* court:

Cæsar. *Cassius* they tell me that some daungers nigh.
And death pretended in the Senate house.

Cassius. What danger or what wrong can be,
Where harmeles grauitie and vertue fits,
Tis past all daunger present death it is,
Nor is it wrong to render due desert.

To feare the Senators without a cause,

1680 Will bee a cause why theile be to be feared,

Cæsa. The Senate stayes for me in *Pompeys* court.
And *Cæsars* heere, and dares not goe to them,
Packe hence all dread of danger and of death,
What must be must be; *Cæsars* prest for all,

Cassius. Now haue I sent him headlong to his ende,
Vengance and death awayting at his heeles,
Cæsar thy life now hangeth on a twine,

Which

of Iulius Cæsar.

Which by my Poniard must bee cut in twaine,
Thy chaire of state now turn'd is to thy Beere,
Thy Princely robes to make thy winding sheete :
The Senators the Mourners ore the Hearse,
And Pompeys Court, thy dreadfull graue shalbe.

1690

Senators crie all at once.

Act III

sc. viii

Omnes. Hold downe the Tyrant stab him to the death:

Cæs. Now doth the musick play and this the song

That *Cassius* heart hath thirsted for so long :
And now my Poniard in this mazing sound,
Must strike that touch that muſt his life confound.
Stab on, stab on, thus should your Poniards play,

Aloud deepe note vpon this trembling Kay. *stab him.* 1700

Buco. *Bucolian* sends thee this. *stab him.*

Cum. And *Cumber* this. *stab him.*

Caf. Take this frō *Casca* for to quite *Romes* wronges.

Cæs. Why murtherous villaines know you whō you strike,

Tis *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, whom your Poniards pierce :

Cæsar whose name might well afright such flaues :

O Heauens that fee and hate this haynous guilt,

And thou Immortall *Tone* that Idle holdest

Deluding Thunder in thy faynting hand,

Why stayſt thy dreadfull doome, and doſt with-hold,

Thy three-fork'd engine to reuenge my death :

But if my plaintes the Heauens cannot mooue,

Then blackeft hell and *Pluto* bee thou iudge :

You greeſy daughters of the cheereles night,

Whose hearts, nor praier nor pitty, ere could lend,

Leauē the black dungeon of your *Chaos* deepe :

Come and with flaming brandes into the world,

Reuenge, and death, bringe feated in yout eyes :

And plague these villaynes for their trecheries.

1710

Enter Brutus.

1720

Bru. I haue held *Anthony* with a vaine discourse,
The whilst the deed's in execution,
But liues hee still, yet doth the Tyrant breath ?
Chalinging Heauens with his blaſphemies,
Heere *Brutus* maketh a paſſage for thy Soule,

G

To

The Tragedy

To plead thy cause for them whose ayde thou crauest,
Cæs. What *Brutus* to? nay nay, then let me die,
Nothing wounds deeper then ingratitude,
Bru. I bloody *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, *Brutus* too,

1730 Doth geeue thee this, and this to quite *Romes* wrongs,
Cætius. O had the Tyrant had as many liues.

As that fell *Hydra* borne in *Lerna lake*,
That heare I stll might stab and stabbing kill,
Till that more liues might bee extinguished,
Then his ambition, *Romanes* Slaughtered.

Tre. How heauens haue iustly on the authors head,
Returnd the guiltles blood which he hath shed,
And *Pompey*, he who caused thy Tragedy,
Here breathles lies before thy Noble Statue,

1740 *Enter Anthony.*

Anth. What cryes of death refound within my eares,
Whome I doe see great *Cæsar* buchered thus?
What said I great? I *Cæsar* thou wast great,
But O that greatness was that brought thy death:
O vnust Heauens, (if Heauens at all there be,)
Since vertues wronges makes question of your powers,
How could your starry eyes this shame behold,
How could the sunne see this and not eclipze?
Fayre bud of fame ill cropt before thy time:

1750 What *Hyrcan* tygar, or wild sausage bore,
(For he more heard then Bore or Tyger was,)
Durst do so vile and execrate a deede,
Could not those eyes so full of maiesty,
Nor priesthood (o not thus to bee prophand)
Nor yet the reuerence to this sacred place,
Nor flowing eloquence of thy goulden tounge,
Nor name made famous through immortall merit,
Deter those murtherors from so vild a deed?
Sweete friend accept these obsequies of mine,
1760 Which heare with teares I doe vnto thy hearse,
And thou being placed a mong the shining starrings.
Shalt downe from Heauen behold what deepe reueng,

of Iulius Cæsar.

I will inflict vpon the murtherers, *Exit with Cæsar, in his
armes.*

FINIS. Act. 3.

Enter Discord.

Chor. IV

Dif. Brutus thou hast what long desire hath sought,
Cæsar Lyes weltring in his purple Goare,
Thou art the author of *Romes* liberty,
Proud in thy murthering hand and bloody knife.

1770

Yet thinke *Octauian* and *Iterne Anthony*.

Cannot let passe this murther vnreuenged,
Theffalia once againe must see your blood,

And *Romane* drommes must strike vp new a laromes,
Harke how *Bellona* shakes her angry lance:

And enuie clothed in her crimson weed,
Me thinkes I see the fiery shields to clash,

Eagle gainst Eagle, *Rome* gainst *Rome* to fight,
Phillipi, Cæsar, quittance must thy wronges,

Whereas that hand shall stab that trayterous heart.

1780

That durst encourage it to worke thy death,

Thus from thine ashes *Cæsar* doth arise

As from *Medeas* haples scatered teeth:

New flames of wars, and new outraigous broyles,

Now smile *Æmathia* that eu'en in thy top,

Romes victory and pride shalbe entombd,

And those great conquerors of the vanquished earth,

Shall with their swords come there to dig their graues.

ACTVS. 4.

SCENA. 1.

*Act. IV
sc. i*

Enter Octauian.

Octa. Mourne gentle Heauens for you haue lost your ioy. 1791
Mourne greeued earth thy ornament is gon,
Mourne *Rome* in great thy Father is deceased:
Mourne thou *Octauian*, thou it is must mourne,
Mourne for thy Vnkle who is dead and gon.

G 2

Mourne

The Tragedy

Mourne for thy Father to vngently slaine,
Mourne for thy Friend whome thy mishap hath lost,
For Father, Vnkell, Friend, go make thy mone,
Who all did liue, who all did die in one.

1800 But heere I vow these blacke and fable weeds,
The outward signes of inward heauines,
Shall changed be ere long to crimsen hew,
And this soft raiment to a coate of steele,
Cæsar, no more I heare the mornefull songs.
The tragick pomp of his sad exequies,
And deadly burning torches are at hand,
I must accompany the mornefull troope:
And sacryfice my teares to the Gods below. *Exit.*

Act IV
sc. ii

*Enter Cesars Hearse Calphurnia Octauian, Anthony,
Cicero, Dolobella, two Romaynes, mourners.*

Calp. Set downe the hearse and let *Calphurnia* weepe,
1812 Weepe for her Lord and bath his Wounds in teares:
Feare of the world, and onely hope of *Rome*,
Thou whilst thou liuedst was *Calphurnias* ioye,
And being dead my ioyes are dead with thee:
Here doth my care and comfort resting lie:
Let them accompany thy mornefull hearse.

Cice. This is the hearse of vertue and renowne,
Here stroe red roses and sweete violets:
1820 And lawrell garlands for to crowne his fame,
The Princely weede of mighty conquerors:
These worthles obsequies poore *Rome* bestowes,
Vpon thy sacred ashes and deare hearse.

I. Rom. And as a token of thy liuing praise,
And fame immortall take this laurell wreath,
Which witnesseth thy name shall neuer die:
And with this take the Loue and teares of *Rome*,
For on thy tombe shall still engrauen be,
Thy losse, her griefe, thy deathes, her pittyng thee,
1830 *Dolo.* Vnwilling do I come to pay this debt,
Though not vnwilling for to crowne desert,
O how much rather had I this bestowed,
On thee returning from foes ouerthrow,

When

of *Julius Cæsar*.

When liuing vertue did require such meede,
Then for to crowne thy vertue being dead,
Lord. Those wreaths that in thy life our conquests crowned
And our fayre triumphes beauty glorified,
Now in thy death do serue thy hearse to adorne,
For *Cæsars* liuing vertues to bee crowned,
Not to be wept as buried vnder grownd,

1840

2. Ro. Thou whilst thou liuedst wast faire vertues flowre
Crowned with eternall honor and renowne,
To thee being dead, *Flora* both crownes and flowers,
(The cheefest vertues of our mother earth,)
Doth give to gratulate thy noble hearse.
Let then they soule diuine vouchsafe to take,
These worthles obsequies our loue doth make.

Calp. All that I am is but despaire and greefe,
This all I give to Celebrate thy death,
What funerall pomp of riches and of pelfe,
Do you expect? *Calphurnia* giues her selfe.

1850

Ant. You that to *Cæsar* iustly did decree
Honors diuine and sacred reuerence:
And oft him grac'd with titles well deserued,
Of Countries Father, stay of Commonwealth.
And that which neuer any bare before,
Inviolate, Holy, Consecrate, Vntucht.
Doe see this friend of *Rome*, this Contryes Father,

This Sonne of lasting fame and e ndles praise,
And in a mortall trunke, immortall vertue

1860

Slaughtered, profan'd, and bucherd like a beast,
By trayterous handes, and damned Paracides:
Recounte those deedes and see what he hath don,
Subdued those nations which three hundred yeares.

Remaynd vnconquered; still afflicting *Rome*,
And recompensed the firy Capitoll,

With many Citties vnto ashes burnt:
And this reward, these thankes you render him:
Here lyes he dead to whome you owe your liues:
By you this slaughtered body bleedes againe,
Which oft for you hath bled in fearefull fight.

1870

The Tragedy

Sweete woundes in which I see distressed *Rome*,
From her pearc'd sides to powre forth streames of bloud,
Bee you a witnesse of my sad Soules grieve:
And of my teares which wounded heart doth bleede,
Not such as vse from womanish eyes proceede.

Octa. And were the deede most worthy and vnblamed,
Yet you vnworthely did do the same:
Who being partakers with his enemies,

1880 By *Cæsar* all were sau'd from death and harme,
And for the punishment you shoulde haue had,
You were prefer'd to Princeley dignities:
Rulers and Lordes of Prouinces were you made,
Thus thanke-les men hee did preferre of nought,
That by their hands his murther might be wrought.

All at once except Anthony and Octauian.

Omnes. Reuenge, Reuenge vpon the murtherers.

Antho. Braue Lords this worthy resolution shewes,
Your deereft loue, and great affection

1890 VVhich to this slaughtered Prince you alwaies bare,
And may like bloody chance befall my life:
If I be slack for to reuenge his death.

Octa. Now on my Lords, this body lets inter:
Amongest the monuments of *Roman* Kinges,
And build a Temple to his memory:
Honoring therein his sacred Deity. *Exeunt omnes.*

Act IV
sc. iii

A C T. 4.

S C. 2.

Enter Cassius, and Brutus with an army.

Cassi. Now *Romains* proud foe, worlds common enemy,
1900 In his greatest hight and chiefest Iollitie,
In the Sacred Senate-houfe is done to death:
Euen as the Consecrated Oxe which foundes,
At horny alters, in his dying pride:
VVith flowry leaues and gar-lands all bedight,
Stands proudly wayting for the hasted stroke:
Till hee amazed with the dismall sound,

Falls

of Iulius Cæsar.

Falls to the Earth and stains the holy ground,
The spoyles and riches of the conquered world,
Are now but idle Trophies of his tombe:
His laurell gar-landes do but Crowne his chaire,
His fling, his shilde, and fatall bloudy speare,
VVhich hee in battell oft 'gainst *Rome* did beare,
Now serue for nought but rusty monuments.

1910

Bru. So *Romulus* when proud ambition,
His former vertue and renowne had stayned:
Did by the Senators receiue his end,
But soft what boades *Titinnius* hasting speede.

Enter Titinnius.

Titin. The frantike people and impatient,
By *Anthonyes* exhorting to reuenge:
Runne madding throw the bloudy streetes of *Rome*,
Crying Reuenge, and murthering they goe,
All those that caused *Cæsars* ouerthrowe.

1920

Cassi. The wauering people pytiyng *Cæsars* death,
Do rage at vs, who fore to winne their weale:
Spare not the danger of our dearest liues,
But since no safety *Rome* for vs affordes:
Brutus weell haft vs to our Prouinces,
I into *Syre*, thou into *Macedon*,
Where wee will muster vp such martiall bandes,
As shall affright our following enemies.

1930

Bru. In *Theffaly* weeble meete the Enemy,
And in that ground distaynd with *Pompeys* bloud,
And fruitemake with *Romane* massaker,
VVeеле either sacrifice our guilty foe,
To appease the furies of these howling Ghostes,
That wander restles through the fliemy ground
Or else that *Theffaly* bee a common Tombe:
To bury those that fight to infranchise *Rome*.

Titin. Brauely resolu'd, I see yong *Brutus* minde,
Strengthned with force of vertues sacred rule:
Contemneth death, and holdes proud chance in scorne.

1940

Bru. I that before fear'd not to do the deede,
Shall neuer now repent it being done,

No

The Tragedy

No more I Fortun'd, like the *Roman* Lord,
Whose faith brought death yet with immortall fame,
I kisse thee hand for doing such a deede:
And thanke my heart for this so Noble thought,
And blesse the Heauens for fauoring my attempts:
1950 For Noble *Rome*, and if thou beest not free,
Yet I haue done what euer lay in mee:
And worthy friend as both our thoughts conspired,
And ioyned in vnion to performe this deede,
This acceptable deede to Heauens and *Rome*,
So lets continue in our high resolute:
And as wee haue with honor thus begunne,
So lets perfist, vntill our liues bee done.

Cassi. Then let vs go and with our warlike troopes,
Collected from our feuerall Prouinces,
1960 Make *Asia* subiect to our Conquering arms.
Brutus thou haft commanded the Illirian bandes:
The feared *Celts* and *Lusitanian* horse,
Parthenians proud, and *Thrasians* borne in warre:
And *Macedon* yet proud with our old actes,
With all the flowre of Louely *Theffaly*,
Vnder my warlike colours there shall march:
New come from *Syria* and from *Babilon*,
The warlike *Mede*, and the *Arabian* Boe,
The *Parthian* fighting when hee seemes to flie:
1970 Those conquering *Gauls* that built their seates in *Greece*,
And all the Costers on the *Mirapont*.

Act IV
sc. iv

A C T . 3.

S C E . 1.

Enter Cæsars Ghost.

-*Gho.* Out of the horror of thofe shady vaultes,
Where Centaurs, Harpies, paynes and furies fell:
And Gods and Ghosts and vgly Gorgons dwell,
My restles soule comes heere to tell his wronges.
Hayle to thy walles, thou pride of all the world;
Thou art the place where whilome in my life.

My

of Iulius Cæsar.

My seat of mounting honour was erected,
And my proud throane that seem'd to check the heauens.
But now my pompe and I are layd more lowe,
With these asfociates of my ouerthrow,
Here ancient *Affur* and proud *Belus* lyes,
Ninus the first that fought a Monarchs name.

Atrides fierce with the *Æacides*,
The *Greeke Heros*, and the *Troian* flower,
Blood-thirsting *Cyrus* and the conquering youth :

That fought to fetch his pedigree from Heauen,

Sterne *Romulus* and proud *Tarquinius*,

The mighty *Sirians* and the *Ponticke* Kings,

Alcides and the stout, *Carthagian* Lord,

The fatall enemie to the *Roman* name.

Ambitious *Sylla* and fierce *Marius*,

And both the *Pompeyes* by me don to death,

I am the last not least of the same crue,

Looke on my deeds and say what *Cæsar* was,

Thessalia, *Ægypt*, *Pontus*, *Africa*,

Spayne *Brittaine*, *Almany* and *France*,

So many a bloody tryall of my worth.

But why doe I my glory thus restraine,

When all the world was but a Charyot,

Wherein I rode Triumphing in my pride ?

But what auaylesthis tale of what I was ?

Since in my chefest hight *Brutus* base hand.

With three and twenty wounds my heart did goare,

Giue me my sword and shild Ile be Reueng'd,

My mortall wounding speare and goulden Crest.

I will dishorse my foemen in the field,

Alasse poore *Cæsar* thou a shadow art,

An ayery substance wanting force and might,

Then will I goe and crie vpon the world,

Exclame on *Anthony* and *Octanian*,

Which seeke through discord and discentions broyles,

T'imbrue their weapons in each others blood,

And leauie to execute my iust reuenge,

1980

1990

2000

2010

The Tragedy

I heare the drummes and bloody Trumpets sound,
O how this fight my greeued soule doth wound,

2020 *Enter Anthony, at on dore, Octauian at
another with Souldiers.*

Anth. Now martiall friends competitors in armes,
You that will follow *Anthony* to fight,
Whome stately *Rome* hath oft her Confull seene,
Grac'd with eternall trophies of renowne,
With *Libian* triumphes and *Iberian* spoyles,
Who scorns to haue his honour now distaind,
Or credit blemisht by a Boyes disgrace,
Prepare your dauntles stomakes to the fight,
Where without striking you shall ouer come.

2030 *Octa.* Fellowes in war-faire which haue often serued,
Vnder great *Cesar* my diseased fier,
And haue return'd the conquerors of the world,
Clad in the Spoyles of all the Orient :
That will not brooke that any *Roman* Lord,
Should iniure mighty *Julius Cæsars* sonne,
Recall your wonted vallour and these hearts,
That neuer entartaynd Ignoble thoughts
And make my first warre-faire and fortunate :

Ant. Stike vp drums, and let your banners flie,
2040 Thus will we set vpon the enemy.

Gho. Cease Drums to strike, and fould your banners vp,
Wake not *Bellona* with your trumpets Clange,
Nor call vnwilling *Mars* vnto the field :
See *Romaines*, see my wounds not yet clof'd vp,
The bleeding monuments of *Cæsars* wronges.
Haue you so soone for got my life and death ?
My life wherein I reard your fortunes vp.
My death wherein my reared fortune fell,
My life admir'd and wondred at of men ?
2050 My death which seem'd vnworthy to the Gods,
My life which heap'd on you rewards and gifts,
My death now begges one gift ; a iust reueng.

Ant. A Chilly cowld possessest all my Ioyntes,

And

of *Iulus Cæsar*.

And pale wan feare doth cease my fainting heart,

Octa. O see how terrible my Fathers lookes?

My haire stands stiffe to see his greisly hue:

Alasse I deare not looke him in the face,

And words do cleave to my benummed Iawes. (downe

Gbo. For shame weake *Anthony* throw thy weapons

Sonne sheath thy sword, not now for to be drawne,

2060

Brutus must feele the heauy stroke thereof:

But if that needes you will into the field,

And that warrs enuie pricks your forward hate.

To flacke your fury with each others blood,

Then forward on to your prepared deaths

Let sad *Alecto* sound her fearefull trump,

Reneng a rise in lothsome fable weedes,

Light-shining Treasons and vnquenced Hates,

Horror and vgly Murther (nights blacke child,)

Let sterne *Mægera* on her thundering drumme,

2070

Play gastly musicke to comfort your deathes.

Banner to banner, foote gainst foote opof'd,

Sword against sword, shild gainst shild, and life to life,

Let death goe raginge through your armed rankes,

And load himselfe with heapes of murthered men,

And let Heauenis iustice send you all to Hell,

Anth. Shamst thou not *Anthony* to draw thy sword,

On *Cæsars* Sonne, for rude rash youth full brawles,

And dost let passe their treason vnrevenged,

That *Cæsars* life and glory both did end,

2080

Octa. Shame of my selfe, and this intended fight,

Doth make me feare t' approach his dreadfull fight:

Forgiue my slacknes to reuenge thy wronges,

Pardon my youth that rashly was mislead,

Through vaine ambition for to doe this deed,

Gbo. Then ioyne your hands and heare let battle cease,

Chang feare to Ioy, and warre to smooth-fac't Peace.

Oct. Then Father heere in sight of Heauen and thee,

I giue my hand and heart to *Anthony*,

Ant. Take likewise mine, the hand that once was vowd', 2090

The Tragedy

To bee imbruied in thy luke-warme bloud,
VVhich now shall strike in yong *Octauians* rights.

Gbo. Now sweare by all the Dieties of Heauen,
All Gods and powers you do adore and serue :
For to returne my murther on their cruell head,
Whose trayterous hands my guiltles bloud haue shed.

Anth. Then by the Gods that through the raging waues,
Brought thee braue *Trian* to old *Latium*,
And great *Quirinus* placed now in Heauen :
2100 By the *Gradinus* that with shIELD of Brasse,
Defendest *Rome*, by the ouerburning flames
Of *Ve/ta* and *Carpeian* Towers of *Ioue*.
Vowes *Anthony* to quite thy worthy death,
Or in performance loose his vitall breath.

Octa. The like *Octauian* vowes to Heauen and thee.

Gbo. Then go braue warriors with succesfull hap,
Fortune shall waite vpon your rightfull armes,
And courage sparcell, from your Princely eyes,
Dartes of reuenge to daunt your enemies.

2110 *Antho.* Now with our armies both conioyned in one,
Weele meeete the enemy in *Macedon* :
Æmathian fieldes shall change her flowry greene,
And die proud *Flora* in a fadder hew :
Siluer *Stremonia*, whose faire Christall waues,
Once founded great *Alcides* echoing fame :
When as he flew that fruitefull headed snake,
Which *Lerna* long-time fostered in her wombe :
Shall in more tragick accentes and fad tunes,
Eccho the terror of thy dismall fight,
2120 *Hemus* shall fat his barren fieldes with bloud :
And yellow *Ceres* spring from woundes of men,
The toyling husband-men in time to come,
Shall with his harrow strike on rusty helmes,
And finde, and wonder, at our swordes and speares,
And with his plowe dig vp braue *Romans* graues :

Finis. Act.

Enter Discord.

Dis. The balefull haruest of my ioy, thy woe
Gins ripen *Brutus*, Heauens commande it so. 2130
Pale sad *Auernus* opes his yawning Lawes,
Seeking to fwallow vp thy murtherous soule,
The furies haue proclaym'd a festiuall:
And meane to day to banquet with thy bloud,
Now Heauens array you in your clowdy weedes:
Wrap vp the beauty of your glorious lamp,
And dreadfull *Chaos*, of sad drery night,
Thou Sunne that climest vp to the easterne hill:
And in thy Chariot rides with swift steedes drawne,
In thy proud Iollity and radiant glory: 2140
Go back againe and hide thee in the sea,
Darkeneffe to day shall couer all the world:
Let no light shine, but what your swords can strike,
From out their steely helmes, and fiery shildes:
Furies, and Ghosts, with your blue-burning lampes,
In mazing terror ride through *Roman* rankes:
With dread affrighting those stout Champions hearts,
All stygian fiendes now leaue whereas you dwell:
And come into the world and make it hell.

*Enter Cassius, Brutus, Titinius, Cato Iunior,
with an army marching*

*Act. V
sc. i*

Casi. Thus far wee march with vnrefisted armes,
Subduing all that did our powres with-stand : 2152
Laodicia whose high reared walles,
Faire *Lyeas* washeth with her siluer wawe:
And that braue monument of *Perseus* fame,
With *Turcos* vaild to vs her vanting pride,
Faire *Rhodes*, I weepe to thinke vpon thy fall;

The Tragedy

Thou wert to stubberne, else thou still hadst stood,
216○ Inviolate of *Cassius* hurtles hand,
That was my nurse, where in my youth I drew
The flowing milke of Greekish eloquence:
Proud *Capadocia* fawe her King captiu'd,
(And *Dolabella* vanting in the spoyles.
Of slayne *Trebonius*) fall as springing tree,
Seated in louely *Tempes* pleasant shadues:
Whom beuteous spring with blosoms braue hath deckt,
And sweete *Fauonia* manteled all in greene,
By winters rage doth loose his flowry pride,
217○ And hath each twigg bar'd by northerne winds.
Thus from the conquest of proud *Palestine*,
Hether in triumph haue we march'd along,
Making our force-commaunding rule to stretch,
From faire *Euphrates* christall flowing waues
Vnto the Sea which yet weepes *Io*'s death,
Slayne by great *Hercules* repenting hand,
Bru. Of all the places by my fword subdued,
Pitty of thee poore *Zanbus* moues me most;
Thrife haft thou ben besieg'd by thy foe,
218○ And thrife to saue thy liberty haft felt
The fatall flames of thine owne cruell hand.
First being besieg'd by *Harpalus* the *Mede*,
The sterne performer of proud *Cyrus* wrath:
Next when the *Macedonian Phillips* sonne,
Did rayse his engines gainst thy battered walls,
Proud *Zanbus* that did scorne to beare the yoake,
That all the world was forced to sustaine,
Last when that I my selfe did guirt thy walls,
With troopes of high resolued *Roman* hearts,
219○ Rather then thou wouldest yeeld to *Brutus* sword,
Or stayne the mayden honour of thy Towne,
Did'ft sadly fall as proud *Numantia*.
Scorning to yeeld to conquering *Scipios* power.
Cas. And now to thee *Phillipi*, are wee come,
Whose fields must twise feele *Roman* cruelty,
And flowing blood like to *Darcean* playnes,

When

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

When proud *Eteocles* on his foaming steede,
Rides in his fury through the *Argean* tropes,
Now making great *Æraustus* giue him way,
Now beating back *Tidæus* puissant might:
The ground not dry'd from sad *Pharsalian* blood,
Will now bee turned to a purple lake:
And bleeding heapes and mangled bodyes slayne,
Shall make such hills as shall surpasse in height
The Snowy Alpes and aery *Appenines*,

2200

Titi. A Scout brought word but now that he descryd,
Warlike *Anthonius* and young *Cæsars* tropes,
Marching in fury ouer *Theffalian* playnes.
As great *Gradinus* when in angry mood,
He driues his chariot downe from heauens top,
And in his wheels whirleth reueng and death:
Heere by *Phillippi* they will pitch their tents,
And in these fieldes (fatall to *Roman* liues)
Hazard the fortune of the doubtfull fight,

2210

Cat. O welcome thou this long expected day,
On which dependeth *Romane* liberty,
Now *Rome* thy freedom hangeth in suspence,
And this the day that must assure thy hopes.

Cæssi. Great *Ioue*, and thou *Trytonyan* warlike Queene:
Arm'd with thy amazing deadly *Gorgons* head.
Strenghen our armes that fight for *Roman* welth:
And thou sterne *Mars*, and *Romulus* thy Sonne,
Defend that Citty which your selfe begun.
All heauenly powers assist our rightfull armes,
And send downe siluer winged victory,
To crowne with Lawrells our triumphant Crests.

2220

Bru. My minde that's trobled in my vexed soule,
(Opprest with sorrow and with sad dismay,)
Misgiues me this wilbe a heauy day.

Cæssi. Why faynt not now in these our last extremes,
This time craues courage not dispayring feare,

2230

Titin. Fie, twill distayne thy former valiant acts.
To say thou faintest now in this last act,

Bru. My mind is heauy, and I know not why,

But

The Tragedy

But cruell fate doth sommon me to die,

Cato. Sweet *Brute*, let not thy words be ominous signes,
Of so mis-fortunnate and sad euent,
Heauen and our Vallour shall vs conquerours make.

Cass. What Bastard feare hath taunted our dead hearts,
2240 Or what vnglorious vnwounded thought,
Hath changed the vallour of our daunted mindes.
What are our armes growne weaker then they were?
Cannot this hand that was proud *Cæsars* death,
Send all *Cæsarians* headlong that same path?
Looke how our troupes in Sun-bright armes do shine,
With vaunting plumes and dreadfull brauery.
The wrathfull steedes do check their iron bits,
And with a well grac'd terror strike the ground,
And keeping times in warres sad harmony.

2250 And then hath *Brutus* any cause to feare,
My selfe like valiant *Peleus* worthy Sonne,
The Nobleſt wight that eur *Troy* beheld,
Shall of the aduerſe troopes ſuch hauock make,
As ſad *Phillipi* ſhall in blood bewayle,
The cruell maſſacre of *Cæſſius* ſword,
And then hath *Brutus* any cause to feare?

Bru. No outward ſhewes of puiffance or of ſtrength,
Can helpe a minde diſmayed inwardly,
Leauue me ſweete Lordes a while vnto my ſelfe.

2260 *Cass.* In the meane time take order for the fight,
Drums let your fearefull mazing thunder playe.
And with their ſound peirce Heauens brazen Towers,
And all the earth fill with like fearefull noyſe,
As when that *Boreas* from his Iron caue.
With boyſterous furyes Striuing in the waues,
Comes ſwelling forth to meet his bluſtering foe,
They both doe runne with feerce tempeſtuous rage,
And heaues vp mountaynes of the watry waues.
The God *Oceanus* trembles at the ſtroke,

2270 *Bru.* What hatefull furyes vex my tortured mind?
What hideous fightes appalle my greeued ſoule,
As when *Oreſtes* after mother flaine.

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Not being yet at *Scithians* Alters purged,
Behould the greesly visages of fiends.
And gasteley furies which did haunt his steps,
Cæsar vpbraues my sad ingratitude,
He sauad my life in sad *Phayſalian* fieldes,
That I in *Senate* house might worke his death.
O this remembrance now doth wound my soule,
More then my poniard did his bleeding heart,

2280

Enter Ghost.

Gho. Brutus, ingratefull *Brutus* feest thou mee :
Anon In field againe thou shalt me fee,

Bru. Stay what so ere thou art, or fiend below,
Rayf'd from the deepe by inchanters bloody call,
Or fury sent from *Phlegitonticke* flames,
Or from *Cocytus* for to end my life,
Be then *Megera* or *Tysiphone*,
Or of *Eumenides* ill boading crue.

Fly me not now, but end my wretched life,
Comegreesly messenger of sad mishap,
Trample in blood of him that hates to liue,
And end my life and sorrow all at once.

2290

Gho. Accursed traytor damned *Homicide*,
Knowest thou not me, to whome for forty honors :
Thou three and twenty Gasteley wounds didſt giue ?
Now dare no more for to behould the Heauens,
For they to Day haue destyned thine end :

Nor lift thy eyes vnto the rising funne,
That nere shall liue for to behould it fet,
Nor looke not downe vnto the Hellish shades,
There stand the furyes thursting for thy blood,
Flie to the field but if thou thither go'ſt,
There *Anthonyes* ſword will peirce thy trayterous heart.

2300

Brutus to daie my blood ſhalbe reuenged,
And for my wrong and vndeferued death,
Thy life to thee a torture ſhall become,
And thou ſhalt oft amouegest the dying grones,
Of slaughtered men that bite the bleeding earth.

I

wifh

The Tragedy

2310 Wish that like balefull cheere might thee befall,
And seeke for death that flies so wretched wight,
Vntill to shunne the honour of the fight,
And dreadfull vengeance of supernall ire.
Thine owne right hand shall worke my wish'd reueng,
And so Fare ill, hated of Heauen and Men.

Bru. Stay *Cesar* stay, protract my greife no longer,
Rip vp my bowells glut thy thirsting throte,
With pleasing blood of *Cesars* guilty heart :
But see hee's gon, and yonder Murther stands :
2320 See how he poyncts his knife vnto my hart.

Althea raueth for her murthered Sonne,
And weepes the deed that she her-selfe hath done :
And *Meleager* would thou liuedst againe,
But death must expiate. *Altheas* come.
I, death the guerdon that my deeds deserue :
The drums do thunder forth dismay and feare,
And dismall triumphes found my fatall knell,
Furyes I come to meeke you all in Hell,

Act V

sc. ii *Cato.* Bloodles and faynt ; *Cato* yeedle vp thy breath ;
2331 While strength and vigour in thefe armes remaynd,

And made me able for to wield my sword,
So long I fought ; and sweet *Rome* for thy sake
Fear'd not effusion of my blood to make.
But now my strength and life doth fayle at once,
My vigor leaues my could and feeble Ioynts,
And I my sad soule, must power forth in blood.
O vertue whome *Phyllo sophy* extols.

Thou art no essence but a naked name,
2340 Bond-slaue to Fortune, weake, and of no power.
To succor them which alwaies honourd thee :
Witneffe my Fathers and mine owne sad death,
Who for our country spent our latest breath :
But oh the chaines of death do hold my young,
Mine eyes wax dim I faynt, I faynt, I die.
O Heauens help *Rome* in this extremity.

Enter Cato wounded.

Where

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Cass. Where shall I goe to tell the saddest tale,
That ere the *Romane* young was forc'd to speake,
Rome is ouerthrowne, and all that for her fought:
This Sunne that now hath seen so many deaths,
When from the Sea he heaued his cloudy head,
Then both the armes full of hope and feare,
Did waite the dreadfull trumpets fatall sound,
And straight Reuenge from *Stygian* bands let loose,
Possesst had all hearts and banished thence,
Feare of their children, wife and little home.
Countryes remembrance, and had quite expeld,
With last departed care of life it selfe:

Act V
sc. iii

Anger did sparkell from our beautious eyes,
Our trembling feare did make our helmes to shake,
The horse had now put on the riders wrath,
And with his hoofes did strike the trembling earth,
When *Echalarian* foundes then both gin meete:
Both like enraged, and now the dust gins rise,
And Earth doth emulate the Heauens cloudes,
Then yet beutyous was the face of cruell war:
And goodly terror it might seeme to be,
Faire shieldes, gay swords, and goulden crests did shine.
Their spangled plumes did dance for Iolity,
As nothing priuy to their Masters feare,
But quickly rage and cruell *Mars* had staynd,
This shining glory with a fadder hew,
A cloud of darteres that darkened Heauens light,
Horror instead of beauty did sucede.

2360

And her bright armes with dust and blood were foyld:
Now *Lucius* fals, heare *Druſus* takes his end,
Here lies *Hortensius*, weltring in his goare.
Here, there, and every where men fall and die,
Yet *Cassius* shew not that thy heart doth faynt:
But to the last gasp for *Romains* freedom fight,
And when sad death shall be thy labors end,
Yet boast thy life thou didſt for Country spend.

2370

Enter *Anthony*. Act V

sc. iv

Ant. Queene of Reuenge imperious *Nemesis*,

That

The Tragedy

That in the wrinkels of thine angry browes,
Wrapst dreadfull vengeance and pale fright-full death :
Raine downe the bloody showeres of thy reuenge,
And make our swordes the fatall instruments,
To execute thy furious bale-full Ire,
2390 Let grim death seate her on my Lances point,
Which percing the weake armour of my foes,
Shall lodge her there within there coward brestes,
Dread, horror, vengeance, death, and bloody hate :
In this sad fight my murthering sworde awaite. *Exit*

Act V

sc. v

Titin. Where may I flie from this accursed foyle,
Or shunne the horror of this dismall day :
The Heauens are colour'd in mourning fable weedes,
The Sunne doth hide his face, and feares to see,
2400 This bloody conflict ; sad *Catastrophe*,
Nothing but grones of dying men are heard :
Nothing but bloud and slaughter may bee seene
And death, the same in fundry shapes arayed.

Enter Caius.

Casi. In vaine, in vaine, O *Caius* all in vaine,
Tis Heaven and destiny thou striuest against.

Titin. VVhat better hope or more accepted tydinges,
Ist Noble *Caius* from the Battell brings ?

Caius. This haples hope that fates decreed haue,
2410 *Philippi* field must bee our haples graue.

Titin. And then must this accurf'd and fatall day,
End both our liues and *Romane* liberty :
Must now the name of freedome bee forgot,
And all *Romes* glory in *Theffalia* end ?

Caius. As those that lost in boysterous troublous seas,
Beaten with rage of Billowes stormy strife :
And without starres do fayle 'gainst starres and winde.
In drery darkenesse and in chereles night,
Without or hope or comfort endles are :

2420 So are my thoughts dejected with dismay,
Which can nought looke for but poore *Romes* decay.
But yet did *Brutus* liue, did hee but breath ?

Or

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Or lay not slumbering in eternall night,
His welfare might infuse some hope, or life :
Or at the least bring death with more content :
Weried I am through labour of the fight :
Then sweete *Titinnius*, range thou through the fielde,
And either glad me with my friends successe,
Or quickly tell mee what my care doth feare :
How breathles hee vpon the ground doth lie,
That at thy words, I may fall downe and die.

2430

Titin. Cassius, I goe to seeke thy Noble friend,
Heauen grant my goings haue a prosperous end.

Cassi. O go *Titinnius*, and till thy returne,
Heere will I sit disconsolatole alone,
Romes sad mishap, and mine owne woes to moone :
O ten times treble fortunate were you,
VVhich in *Pharsalias* bloody conflict dyed,
VVith those braue Lords, now layed in bed of fame :
VVhich neere protected their most bleffed dayes,

2440

To see the horror of this dismall fight,
VVhy died I not in those *Æmathian* playnes,
VVhere great *Domitius* fell by *Cæsars* hand ?
And swift *Eurypus* downe his bloody streme
Bare shieldes and helmes and traines of slaughter'd men,
But Heauens referud mee to this luckles day,
To see my Countries fall and friends decay.

But why doth not *Titinnius* yet returne ?
My trembling heart misgives me what's befallne,

2450

Brutus is dead : I : herke how willingly
The Ecco itterates those deadly words,
The whisling windes with their mourning sound
Do fill mine eares with noyse of *Brutus* death,
The birdes now chanting a more cheerles lay,
In dolefull notes recorde my friends decay.
And *Philomela* now forgets old wronges,
And onely *Brutus* wayleth in her songes.
I heare some noyse, O tis *Titinnius*,
No tis not hee, for hee doth feare to wound,
My greeued eares with that hearts-thrilling sound.

2460

The Tragedy

Why dost thou feed my thoughts with lingering hope?
Why dost thou then prolong my life in vayne?
Tell me my sentence and so end my payne:
He comes not yet, nor yet, nor will at all,
Linger not *Cassius* for to heare reply,
What if he come and tels me hee is slayne?
That only will increase my dying paine,
Brutus I come to company thy soule,
Which by *Cocytus* wandreth all alone.
2470 *Brutus* I come prepare to meete thy friend
Thy brothers fall procures this balefull end.

Enter Titinius.

Titi. *Brutus* doth liue and like a seconde *Mars*,
Rageth in heate of fury mongest his foes,
Then cheere thee *Cassius*, loe I bring releefe.
And news of power to easse thy stormy greefe,
But see where *Cassius* weltreth in his blood,
Doth beate the Earth, and yet not fully dead.
O *Cassius* speake, O speake to me sweet friend,
2480 *Brutus* doth liue; open thy dying eyes,
And looke on him that hope and comfort rings.
O noe, hee will not looke on mee but cryes,
That by my long delayes he haples dies:
Accursed villaine murtherer of thy friend,
Why hath thy lingering thus wrought *Cassius* end,
How cold thy care was to preuent this deed,
How slow thy loue that made no greater speed,
Care winged is, and burning loue can flye,
My care was feareles, loue but flattery,
2490 But sithence in my life my loue was neuer shewne,
Now in my death Ile make it to be knowne.
Accursed weapon that such blood could spil,
Nay cursed then the author of this deed,
Yet both offended, both shall punished be,
Ile take reueng of the knife, the knife of me,
It shall make a passage for my life to passe,
Cause through my life his master murthered was.
And I on it againe will venged bee.

Cause

of Iulius Cæsar.

Cause it did worke my *Cassius* tragedy.

Then this reueng shalbe to end my life.

Mine to distayne with baser blood the knife.

2500

Enter Brutus the Ghost following him.

Bru. What doest thou still persue me vgly fend,

Is this it that thou thirsted for so much?

Come with thy tearing clawes and rend it out,

Would thy appeafeles rage be slacked with blood,

This sword to day hath crimsen channels made,

But heare's the blood that thou woulds drinke so fayne,

Then take this percer, broch this trayterous heart.

Or if thou thinkest death to small a payne,

Drag downe this body to proud *Erebus*,

Through black *Cocytus* and infernall *Styx*,

Lethean waues, and fiers of *Phlegeton*,

Boyle me or burne, teare my hatefull flesh,

Deuoure, consume, pull, pinch, plague, paine this hart,

Hell craues her right, and heere the furyes stand,

And all the hell-hounds compasse me a round

Each seeking for a parte of this same prey,

Alasse this body is leane, thin, pale and wan,

Nor can it all your hungerie mouthes suffice,

O tis the soule that they stand gaping for,

And cndleffe matter for to prey vpon.

Renewed still as *Titius* pricked heart.

Then clap your hands, let Hell with Ioy resound?

Here it comes flying through this aery round.

2510

Gho. Hell take their hearts, that this ill deed haue done

And vengeance follow till they be ouercome:

Nor liue t' applaud the iustice of this deed.

Murther by her owne guilty hand doth bleed.

2520

Enter Discord

Dis. I, now my longing hopes haue their desire,

2531

The world is nothing but a maffie heape:

Of bodys slayne, The Sea a lake of blood,

The Furies that for slaughter only thirst,

Are with these Massakers and slaughters cloyde,

Typhones pale, and *Megeras* thin face,

Is

The Tragedy

Is now pufte vp, and fwolne with quaffing blood,
Caron that vsed but an old rotten boate
Must nowe a nauie rigg for to transport,
2540 The howling soules, vnto the *Stigian* stronde.
Hell and *Elysium* must be digd in one,
And both will be to litle to contayne,
Numberles numbers of afflicted ghostes,
That I my selfe haue tumbling thither sent.

Gho. Now nights pale daughter since thy bloody ioyes,
And my reuengfull thirst fulfilled are,
Doe thou applaud what iustly heauens haue wrought,
While murther on the murtherers head is brought.

Dis. Cæsar I pitied not thy Tragick end:

2550 Nor tyrants daggers sticking in thy heart,
Nor doe I that thy deaths with like repayd,
But that thy death so many deaths hath made:
Now cloyde with blood, Ile hye me downe below,
And laugh to thinke I caused such endlesse woe.

Gho. Sith my reueng is full accomplished,
And my deaths causers by them selues are slaine,
I will descend to mine eternall home,
Where euerlastingly my quiet soule,
The sweete *Elysium* pleasure shall inioy,
2560 And walke those fragrant flowry fields at rest:
To which nor fayre *Adonis* bower so rare,
Nor old *Alcinous* gardens may compare.
There that same gentle father of the spring,
Mild *Zephirus* doth *Odours* breath diuine:
Clothing the earth in painted brauery,
The which nor winters rage, nor Scorching heate,
Or Summers sunne can make it fall or fade,
There with the mighty champions of old time,
And great *Heroes* of the Goulden age,
My dateles houres Ile spend in lasting ioy.

FINIS.

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